AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SPORT.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

A.7

Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

346 Sport at Home and Abroad. By **Lord William Pitt Lennox.** In two Volumes. Published by Hurst and Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough Street, London. 1872.

Two Vols. Vol. I., 330 pp.; Vol. II., 309 pp. M., $7\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.

295-A

SPORT

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—

VOL. I.

SPORT

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1872.

The right of Translation is reserved.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY—HAPPY NEW YEAR—NEW YEAR'S EVE—FISHING IN UPPER CANADA — VISIT TO FRANCE — CASTLE OF BLOIS — CHAMBORD—AMBOISE—TOURS—SPORT—PLESSIS-LES-TOURS—LA RABATTERIE 1

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY—MODERN BATTUES—BREECH AND BARREL-LOADING GUNS—EQUIPMENT OF CAVALRY SOLDIERS—SLEDGING IN ENGLAND AND IN CANADA—RAILWAYS AND RACING—THE FOX—COURSING—WOODCOCK-SHOOTING—RETRIEVERS—THE POINTER—FOWLING IN SIBERIA 32

CHAPTER III.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING—COURSING — OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS——ANGLING AND SHOOTING—A VISIT TO IRELAND—STEEPLE-CHASING—SKATING—SCOTTISH GAMES—GOLFING—CURLING—TENNIS—THE SPORTS OF LONDON IN BYGONE TIMES—FIGHT ON THE WATER 57

CHAPTER IV.

BREECH OR MUZZLE-LOADERS—A GOLDEN RULE—PRESERVATION OF GAME IN WINTER—HARE-HUNTING—ANGLING—THE SEVERN — SALMON-FISHING — SPAWNING — DEFINITION OF SPORT—YACHTING — PARTRIDGES — HAWKING — SPORTS OF THE COCK-PIT—COCK-FIGHTING 85

CHAPTER V.

VERNAL VICISSITUDES — STAG-HUNTING — HORSE-TRAINING — FLY-FISHING—LLANDILO-VAWR—A CULINARY LESSON—ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS ON SPORT—GOING THE ROUNDS—A VISIT TO ST. GILES—INVIGORATING EFFECT OF FIELD SPORTS—CHESTER RACES—THE SALMON POINTER. . . . 112

CHAPTER VI.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING—SNIPE-SHOOTING—THE COMMON OTTER—TRAINING—GREEK GYMNASIA—A VISIT TO SOUTH WALES—TALLY — A HINT TO ANGLERS — PIKE POOLS — IN-DOOR AMUSEMENTS—THE DISCUS OR QUOIT—ENGLISH ARCHERS—THE LONG BOW 139

CHAPTER VII.

CRICKET AND CRICKET MATCHES — ANCIENT AND MODERN GYMNASTICS — POND-STOCKING — TRAMMELLING — FLY-FISHING — TRIMMERNIG — TACKLE — THE HAUNTS OF PIKE — DIBBING — ANECDOTES OF HUNTING — AN HONEST BEAST — EXTRAORDINARY ANGLING FEAT 163

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL FOOLS' DAY — ANGLING AND FLY-FISHING — BANKS OF THE COQUET — KILLING BAIT FOR TROUT — CURIOUS HORSE-DEALING TRANSACTION — RENTING GROUSE-SHOOTING MANORS — EASTER — GOOD SPORT A CENTURY AGO — MASTER OF THE ROYAL HOUNDS — SPORTSMEN OF OTHER DAYS — FENCING — WHIST 185

CHAPTER IX.

MAY-DAY — RACING IN EARNEST — SHOOTING — YACHTING — FISHING SEASON IN SCOTLAND — THE RIVER DEE — SOLWAY FRITH — ORIGIN OF CRICKET — PADDING — FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB — COACHING AND COACHMEN — PISCATORY PURSUITS IN MAY — TWO NOBLE DUKES — ROOK-HAWKING — EPPING HUNT 217

CHAPTER X.

THE CARNIVAL OF NATURE — TEMPERATURE OF JUNE — THE MAY-FLY — QUAINT LETTER RELATING TO A DOG — AMUSEMENTS OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES — RACING — AN ANCIENT

DODGE — AN OLD FOX-HUNTER — STEAM YACHTS — ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON — PURCHASE OF A YACHT 258

CHAPTER XI.

FINNY TRIBES OF THE BRITISH SEAS — THE CARP, TENCH, BREAM, ROACH, &c. — THE FRESH-WATER SHARK — SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND — BOATING — TERMS USED IN BOATING AND SAILING — CROQUET — A PORTABLE MODEL RINK — A HAWKING PARTY — DEER IN ENGLAND . . . 280

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF JULY — TRAWLING — FAVOURITE HAUNTS OF THAMES FISHERMEN — GROUSE-SHOOTING — A "REGULAR SELL" — THE PTARMIGAN — BLACK GROUSE — RED GROUSE — A FRENCHMAN'S REMARKS ON CRICKET — OLYMPIAN GAMES AND ENGLISH RACES — ANCIENT LAWS AGANIST GAMING . 304

SPORT

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY—HAPPY NEW YEAR—NEW YEAR'S EVE—FISHING IN UPPER CANADA—VISIT TO FRANCE—CASTLE OF BLOIS—CHAMBORD—AMBOISE—TOURS—SPORT—PLESSIS-LES-TOURS—LA RABATTERIE.

THE New Year is always an interesting point of our existence. It was formerly ushered in with odes and sonnets, of which the following may furnish a fair specimen:

"All hail to the birth of the year!
See, golden-haired Phœbus, afar,
Prepares to renew his career.
And is mounting his dew-spangled car!
Stern Winter congeals every brook
That murmured so lately with glee,
And places a snowy peruke
On the head of each bald-pated tree."

Whether the poet was a punster, and opened his address to Winter with "All *hail!*" or where he discovered the splendid metaphor of the "snowy peruke" (which savours more of *rime* than reason) we will not stop to inquire. Suffice it to say, we heartily concur in the sentiment of welcoming A.D. 1872, and in so doing concentrate our wishes in that most emphatic hearty English congratulation, which, despite its antiquity, is still endeared to our hearts, and thus salute one and all of our readers with the compliments of the season, and a "Happy New Year!"

The mean temperature, or that degree of heat which is midway between the highest and lowest points observed on the thermometer, is lower in this month than in any other: the general mean temperature being thirty-five degrees, while at night it is generally below freezing-point. The prevailing winds are from west to north. The coldest January on record was in 1795; while that of the following year was the mildest. The characteristics of this month are raw, cold, snowy, frosty days; so that fox-hunting is put an end to. To console the sportsman, however, for the loss of the "noble science," pheasant and

wild-fowl shooting, skating, curling, and golfing may be had to perfection.

The more northern nations anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of New Year's Eve, as may be gleaned from the following legend:

"If New Year's Eve night-wind blows south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there'll be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If north-east, flee it, man and brute!"

During a flying visit we paid to the Canadas, we found, during the month we write of, excellent sporting carried on against wild-fowl and snipe.

The North American Indians are very successful in duck-shooting, as they are in the pursuit of wild-game. Following a suggestion, we presume they learnt from Malcolm, in "Macbeth," they "each hew down a bough," and fill a canoe with the green branches, so that it resembles a sort of floating island. Beneath the cover of these "leafy screens" they remain concealed; and by this artful device (fast men would call it "dodge"), they are enabled to approach much nearer than they otherwise could do to the wary birds.

The fishing, too, in Upper Canada is extremely good. The lakes are famous for a splendid specimen of the finny tribe called masquinongé (evidently of the pike species, and possessing the same ravenous propensities), salmon trout, white fish, bass, and others. Night-spearing is a most exciting amusement; and during my residence there I scarcely ever missed an opportunity of indulging in it. On the bows of the canoe or skiff is fixed an open-grated iron basket, called by the natives a jack, which is filled with pine or birch bark, that, when ignited, burns with a bright and rapid flame. This light renders visible any fish that may be gliding along in the still waters. The spearsman stands up in the middle of the boat with a weapon, armed at the end with three sharp iron prongs, ready to strike at the fish as they come within his reach, while another paddles the frail bark carefully along. This sport requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and great caution, so that those engaged in it may not lose their equilibrium and fall headlong into the lake.

There is another kind of fishing, equally amusing, albeit it requires a hardy constitution and a large amount of patience; it can only be carried on when

the lakes are frozen over. The process is to break a hole in the ice, and then, wrapped up in a seal-skin, covered over with a blanket, to place yourself on your hands and knees, and with spear ready poised, watch the approach of the masquinongé. An expert spearsman will be rewarded for his trouble, for many a fish of twenty pounds' weight has been struck in this manner.

There are few countries in which sport is carried on with greater gratification than in Canada. Hunting, racing, fishing, sledging, skating, boating, cricketing, rackets, golfing, and curling, may all be thoroughly enjoyed. The climate, too, is extremely good; in Summer the sun shines brightly from a clear blue sky, and Winter, though cold, is free from fogs and noxious vapours. Nothing is more striking than the sudden breaking-up of the frost, and the rapidity which vegetation has made under its snowy garb.

As soon as the ice breaks up in Canada, which it usually does early in April, the lakes are visited by innumerable flights of wild-fowl; and after the monotony of a Winter during which sledging forms the principal recreation, it is delightful to find yourself no longer in a white world.

I had been enjoying a drive in my sledge on one of the coldest days I ever remember—the mercury in the house was down to twenty-five degrees, and proportionably lower abroad; but being thoroughly encased in buffalo robes, with a fur cap, which left nothing but my eyes and nose exposed, I did not feel the intense frigidity. The sky was bright, the air exquisitely clear and free from vapour; my horse, Niagara, trotted along at a merry pace—the bells that adorned his neck producing a light, lively sound; my companion was all that I could wish for; and yet, with all these *agrémens*, I sighed for the green meadows, placid lakes, rippling streams, and fast flowing rivers—when, all of a sudden, an evident change in the weather took place. The warmth of the sun began to be felt, and before I reached home a rapid thaw had commenced. It continued without intermission, and in less than a fortnight Father Frost had taken his departure for the season.

A few years ago, tempted by an advertisement in the *Times*, "Return tickets, from London to Paris in ten hours and a quarter," and having a friend who had some business to transact at Tours, I gladly availed myself of his kind offer

to accompany him there. Passports procured (happily, I then thought, thanks to Napoleon III., the last that would be required), portmanteaus packed, and with an order on a Parisian bank to cash our cheques, we left Bayswater—will the reader be shocked when I add *? by the 'bus !*—for London Bridge station. There we quickly possessed ourselves of two small yellow books, which were to pass us to the metropolis of France, and back to England within the month.

At 10.15 we started, reached Folkestone at mid-day (where our passports were *visée*, and the official fee'd), and then on board the "Grand Warden" steamer, which, after a rough voyage of two hours and a half, landed ninety individuals at Boulogne. Where the majority hid themselves I know not, for not more than twenty appeared on deck; it is true that, on putting my head into the cabin, I saw a few prostrate victims, and concluding *si sic ut omnes*, I made a hasty retreat.

On setting foot on foreign land, our passports were again inspected, and threading our way through a crowd of railway officials, police, commissioners, hotel touters, fishwomen, and idlers, we proceeded to the Hôtel des Bains, where, to

our dismay, we found that, despite the advertisement in the London papers, the ten hours and a quarter system had ceased to be carried out, and that the earliest train would not reach Paris before half-past eleven at night. We, however, contented ourselves with a stroll to the upper town, a very fair dinner, and a glass or two of pure Burgundy. On reaching the "city of frivolities," we found some friends waiting for us, and having possessed ourselves of the luggage, which we had lost sight of at London Bridge station, drove off to the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, where rooms were prepared for us. In France, as in England, the adage of "first come, first served," is not carried out, and we were shown to apartments facing the Rue St. Honoré. Upon remonstrating on the darkness and noise that must arise from such a prospect, we were conducted to others facing the Tuileries: consoling ourselves that we had got off better than one of our countrymen did at Margate, who, on complaining that a newly-erected dead wall had spoilt his prospect, received the cool reply, "Oh! that's *your* look out."

There are a variety of opinions respecting the Hôtel du Louvre—some over-praise, others un-

derrate it. Many contend that you are hurried and have not enough to eat at the *table-d'hôte*, while a large proportion proclaim the dinner as faultless. To view the case dispassionately, as we hope to do, we will not be led into too fulsome eulogiums, or fall into prejudice and unjust censure. There can be no doubt that the general system is good, but many improvements might be made. Among the advantages we would mention the comfort of being set down under a glass roof, thus braving the "pelting, pitiless storm;" another is to find a carriage at all hours, under the same shelter, to take you a drive, to dinner, or to the theatre; a third is to be able to choose an excellent apartment, and to know the charge for it with attendance; a fourth is to have a splendid saloon, warm and well-lighted, open from an early hour in the morning until late at night, in which you can write, or read the foreign and English newspapers; the fifth is the punctuality and goodness of the six o'clock dinner. As the clock strikes the meal is served, and we own we found nothing to be dissatisfied with. The room, as handsome and large a one as any in St. James's Palace, is splendidly illuminated and decorated,

so much so that we were reminded of the old joke of the man who, when praising his golden ornaments, was told by his guests that they came for his *carving*, not for his gilding. The tables are well laid out, the waiting excellent, and for the sum of seven francs (five-and-tenpence English), you have soup, fish, entrées, sweets, dessert, and very good *vin ordinaire à discrétion*.

The hotel is thoroughly warmed and brilliantly lighted, nor are the charges at all exorbitant. A single man may have an excellent bed-room, a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, a *table-d'hote* dinner, and the use of the reading-room, including attendance, for seventeen francs (*id est*, fourteen shillings and twopence) per diem. The great drawback is, the "darkness visible" of the breakfast-rooms, which are obliged to be lighted with gas between nine and ten in the morning; nor are the cutlets, "bifsteaks," rognons, or omelettes so well dressed as they ought to be (and could be) in such an establishment.

After three pleasant days in the metropolis, we left for the south of France. The station of the Paris and Orléans railway is situated at the entrance of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, near the Jardin des Plantes, and is a roomy, convenient

building. Upon entering the well-warmed carriage, and at the sound of the bell taking our departure at a most rapid rate, it was impossible not to look back to those days when a lumbering diligence, a heavy calèche, or a rumbling coach, was the only means of transportation from one city to another; or to be reminded of the remark of Madame de Sévigné respecting her son's wonderful journey: "My son left Orléans by the diligence which leaves that city every day at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived the same night at Paris!" Nor, independent of the badness of the roads, which often presented the greatest obstacles to travellers, were the associations very agreeable, for the above-quoted clever writer states in a letter of the 11th of September, 1675, addressed to Monsieur de Coulanges, "We, this morning, saw upon the high road the bodies of two villains hanging on the trees."

After passing the fortifications, we reached Choisy, formerly an insignificant village on the Seine, inhabited only by a few fishermen and boatmen, but raised to importance by Madame de Montpensier, who built a château on its banks—the scene of many a sad moment when this ill-

fated lady mourned the absence of Lauzun, and was subjected to the scornful reproach of her lover, when, upon throwing herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Return to me who love you so passionately," she was met with the unfeeling answer, "Louise of Orléans, you are wrong to weep, for it makes you older and uglier than ever." The old château was pulled down by order of Louis XV., and a new one erected. Athis and Mons are interesting from the fact of Louis XI. and Philippe le Bel having resided at the former. Near Jurvisy is the hamlet of Fromentau, where, on the 30th of March, 1814, Napoleon I. received a despatch informing him of the capitulation of Paris.

The châteaux of Fromont and Petit Bourg are very striking objects, but we have not time to linger over them, as we must proceed to Corbeil, which contains a fine church called Saint Spire. At Essonnes is the house built and inhabited by Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and at the Pont des Belles Fontaines a monument records the public works executed by Louis XV. in the construction of a new road—works which, in our days, would not merit so high a eulogium as the one referred to:—

"Ludovicus XV., rex Christianissimus,
Viam hanc difficilem, arduam ac pene inviam,
Scissis disjectisque rupibus,
Explanato colle, ponte et aggeribus constructis, planam,
Rotabilem, et amœnam fieri curavit, 1728."

The château de Savigny-sur-Orge is interesting, from its having been the residence of the widow of the Maréchal Davoust, and at Epinay we are reminded of the postillion of Longjumeau, that town being within an easy distance. We next approached Montlhéry, with its ancient castle and town, and shortly afterwards reached Etampes, where we were highly delighted with the public buildings. From this town to Orléans the road is replete with picturesque villages, and the forest, which encircles the hamlet of Cercottes, is extremely grand. Upon reaching the Orléans station, we found the table-d'hôte ready for a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and it was so good and so admirably served that we must record it: Pieds à la poulette, Côtelettes à la Dauphine, Poularde sauté aux champignons, Bœuf (froid) à la gêlée, Pommes de terre, Haricots blancs, Dessert, Vin Ordinaire. Price, three francs; half-a-crown English.

The entrance to Orléans from the railway has

nothing to command attention, but, on approaching it from the south over a fine bridge of nine arches across the Loire, it is noble and striking. Apart from historical recollections, the city has not much to recommend it, for the streets, with some few exceptions, are narrow, and the houses small. There is, however, one handsome street which conducts from the bridge, and is composed of splendid modern buildings. In this stands the celebrated monument where Charles VII. and Joan of Arc are represented kneeling before the body of our Saviour, extended on the Virgin's lap. It was erected by order of that Monarch, to perpetuate his victories over the English. All the figures are in iron. The King appears bare-headed, and by his side lies his helmet surmounted with a crown; opposite to him is the Maid of Orléans uncovered, and in the same attitude of pious gratitude to heaven.

In the Hôtel de Ville is a portrait of this extraordinary woman, which was painted in 1581. The artist seems to have drawn a flattering likeness, and to have heightened her beauty by the addition of imaginary charms. Her face, although long, is fine and intelligent, her hair falling loosely over her

shoulders, under a head-dress encircled with pearls, and shaded with white plumes, tied under the chin with a fillet. About her neck is a little band; and lower down, a necklace composed of small links. Her habit is not very easy to describe. It fits close to the figure, and is cut and slashed at the arms and elbows. Round her waist is a highly embroidered girdle, and in her right hand she wields that trusty sword with which she expelled the enemies of her country. I gazed for a considerable time on the portrait of this immortal woman, the wonder of all ages, whose sex, youth, previous obscurity, unparalleled success, and cruel end have rendered her name immortal.

From Orléans to Menars the country is not very picturesque, and passing Saint-Ay, Meung, and Beaugency, we reached Menars, which was the seat of Mme. de Pompadour, who at her death bequeathed it to her only brother the Marquis de Maringy. Since that period it has been held by the Maréchal Duc de Bellune, and by the Prince de Chimay, who established a college, a school of arts, commerce, and agriculture. In 1848, Monsieur César Fichet replaced the above by a school which ranks very high, and the terms

of which are extremely reasonable. The situation of the château, on a high range of hills overhanging the Loire, is of unequalled beauty, and the prospects from it are extensive and picturesque. Towns, palaces, castles, villages, forests, and vineyards are spread below, while the noble river glides rapidly through the vale, diffusing plenty and fertility in its progress. The gardens, which are laid out with exquisite taste, are adorned with statues and vases, and the terrace scarcely yields to that of Windsor Castle. Blois, which we next approach, is one of the most picturesque towns in this part of the country; indeed, so striking is it that La Fontaine described it as one of the most beautiful and agreeable spots in the world. It contains a Cathedral, the Episcopal Palace, the Church of Notre Dame, the Beauvoir Tower with its ancient dungeons, some fine gardens and fountains.

The Castle of Blois is replete with historical associations. Within its walls Louis the Twelfth was born; in it were solemnized the nuptials of Margaret, sister of Francis I., and of the second Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry IV.: here Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, and Mary de' Medici were imprisoned, and the Duke and

Cardinal de Guise were sacrificed to the vengeance of Henry III., where Valentine of Milan, Anne of Bretagne, first wife to Louis XII. (his second being Mary, sister to Henry VIII. of England), where Claude, daughter of Anne of Bretagne resided, and Catherine de' Medici, so renowned for her genius and her crimes, expired in 1589. Throughout the building may be traced the cyphers and devices of succeeding monarchs: the porcupine of Louis XII., the salamander in the flames of Francis, and the moon (in the form of a crescent) of his son Henry. The gallery constructed by *le bon Henri Quatre*, and the elms planted by Catherine de' Medici still recall the splendour of bygone days.

The castle stands on a rock immediately above the Loire. Here the ancient Counts of Blois resided, and erected the first château, of which no remains except a large round tower now exist. Guy, last Count of Chatillon, sold it to Louis, Duke of Orléans, brother to Charles VI., who was afterwards murdered at Paris; and from him it descended to his grandson Louis XII. The northern front was built by Francis I., in a style that proved how much more refined the arts were during his reign than in previous ones. Among

the curiosities of the venerable pile may be mentioned the apartment in which Henry, Duke of Guise, was assassinated; the tower of Château-Regnaud, famed for the murder of the Cardinal of Guise; the dungeon in which he passed the night previous to his execution, with the Archbishop of Lyons; the *Salle des Etats* where Henry III. assembled the States twice during his reign, and in the chimney of which, according to tradition, the bodies of the Duke and Cardinal were consumed to ashes. The western front is the work of Gaston, Duke of Orléans, brother to Louis XIII.; but he died before the building was completed, prognosticating the future state of ruin in which it would be left: "*Domus mea, domus desolationis in eternum!*" There is some degree of interest attached to the Episcopal Palace, from the fact of its having been the residence of proud "Austria's mournful flower," Marie Louise, and the young King of Rome, in 1815, but with the exception of the castle there is not much to excite the traveller's attention in Blois.

Upon the following day we visited Chambord, the far-famed palace of Francis the First, which stands on the southern side of the Loire. It is

embosomed in thick woods, and is replete with gothic architectural beauties. Within these walls the above monarch entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Here too, in a pane of glass in the small cabinet near the chapel, were the two sarcastic lines written by Francis:

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

Henry II. carried on the works which his father had not completed. Francis II. and Catherine de' Medici passed a great portion of their time at Chambord; but neither the third nor fourth Henry took any pleasure in it, the latter preferring Saint Germain and Fontainebleau, as being nearer Paris. Louis XIII. occasionally resided here, as did Louis XIV. During the reign of the first Napoleon, the property was presented to the Prince de Wagram, with a charge on the navigation of the Rhine, upon the condition that the château was to be restored. This stipulation was not carried out, and when Louis XVIII came to the throne, the Princesse de Wagram let the property, with right of hunting, to an Englishman. In 1821 the domain was purchased

for the Duc de Bordeaux. The interior once possessed a curious double staircase, so placed that two persons could ascend and descend at the same time without meeting. The chapel, built by Henry II., is in good preservation, and from the gardens and terraces a good view of the picturesque and handsome façade may be had.

After passing Chousy and Onzain, we reached Mont-Chaud, or le Mont-Chauve, now called Chaumont. The castle of Chaumont is built on a high promontory about five leagues below Blois, and commands a most extensive prospect. The pile is gothic, and was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by the Lords of Amboise. Here the pious and incorrupt Minister of Louis XII., the Cardinal Amboise, was born. Henry II. presented it to Diane de Poitiers, who, on the death of her royal lover, beautified it greatly. Catherine de' Medici, who had long envied her the possession, succeeded in exchanging the palace of Chenonceaux for that of Chaumont. After the death of Catherine it fell into various hands. At Chaumont Madame de Staël wrote that splendid passage on liberty, contained in her work entitled, "Ten Years of Exile."

Immediately opposite it, about a mile from the Loire, stands the castle in which Louis Prince de Condé, slain at Jarnac, was imprisoned.

Amboise, which is mean and ill-built, has been rendered famous by the conspiracy, in 1560, which commenced the fatal wars of Coligni and Calvinism. The castle is situated on a craggy rock, and the view from it embraces a rich profusion of natural beauties in the enchanting landscapes that surround it. Many historical events give an interest to Amboise. Charles VIII. was born and died here, and François I. passed his early days at the château, under the care of his mother, Louise de Savoie, and his sister Marguerite, the pearl of Valois. Previous to the year 1563, the château was converted into a state prison, and among its inmates may be named the Archbishop of Lyons, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Prince de Joinville, César, Duke de Vendôme, and Alexander his brother, natural sons of Henry IV. and *la belle Gabrielle*. In 1762 Louis XV. exchanged the château d'Amboise for the territory of Limousin. Napoleon the First gave it to his ancient colleague Roger Ducos. On the restoration it became the pro-

perty of the Duke of Orléans, and in it was afterwards confined Abd-el-Kader, who was liberated in 1852 by Napoleon the Third, then President of the Republic.

Within a short distance of Amboise stands La Pagode de Chanteloup, which was erected on the ruins of the Château de la Bourdaisière. It was here that the exiled minister, le Duc de Choiseul, retired, when banished from the Court of Louis XV. From Chanteloup we proceeded to Chenonceaux, the castle of which, on the defalcation of one of the Bohier family, was confiscated to the Crown, and became a hunting seat of Francis I. Shortly after Henry II. ascended the throne, he presented the domain to Diana de Poitiers, who, as will be seen in our description of Chaumont, was compelled to exchange it with Catherine de' Medici for the last-mentioned place. Previous to the death of Catherine, she bequeathed it to Louise de Lorraine, wife of Henry III., who occupied it at the time her husband was assassinated by Jacques Clément. During the remainder of her widowhood, the château bore emblems of her grief. None, however, remain, except the following line from Virgil:—

"Sævi monumenta doloris,"

which can still be traced on the mantel-piece of her apartment.

After the death of Louise de Lorraine, Chenonceaux came into the possession of the Duchesse de Vendôme, and in 1730 was sold to Monsieur Dupin, who, with his wife, restored it to its former splendour. It was under their hospitable roof that the *élite* of society assembled—Fontenelle, Tressan, Montesquieu, Buffon, Mably, Condillac, Sainte Palaye, l'Abbé de Saint Pierre. Here Bolingbroke and Voltaire met Mesdames de Boufflers, de Luxembourg, de Rohan-Chabot, de Forcalquier, de Mirepoix, de Tencin, du Deffant.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was presented to Monsieur Dupin in 1743, and thus records his visit four years later:—"In 1747 we passed the Autumn at the Château de Chenonceaux. There is much to amuse in this beautiful spot; one lives well, and I am become as fat as a monk." The philosopher then proceeds to state that he composed many verses and songs during his visit, and the theatre is still shown in which his popular opera of Le Devin du Village was represented for the first time.

The château and park are open to strangers,

and a visit will well repay those interested in scenes of by-gone associations. Among the portraits are those of Diane de Poitiers, Louis XIII., Catherine de' Medici, Francis I., and a bust of Agnes Sorel. In the chapel, which was constructed in the sixteenth century, are six extremely handsome painted glass windows, an elaborately carved pulpit, a magnificent vaulted roof, the confessional of Francis I., and a fine head of our Saviour, attributed to Michael Angelo.

For a description of the events that occurred at Loches, we must refer our readers to the History of France. The Château (could its walls speak) would tell of the loves of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel; would bring Anne de Bretagne and her second husband, Louis XII., vividly before us; would describe the pomp of the reception of Charles V. by Francis I.; and the pageants of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici. Among the curiosities of the old Château are the dungeons. One is shown in which Ludovico Sforza the Moor was confined for ten years, and died. Given up by the Swiss to the French, he was most harshly treated. Louis XII. had not the generosity to liberate him, and

some lines engraven on the prison wall will show the feelings of the captive Moor:—

QVI. VEVLT. TVER. SON. CHIEN. ON. LVI. MET. SV. DE. ESTRE. EN. RAGE.

AINSI. ESTRE. DE. LA. POVRE. PERSONNE. QVE. ON. VELVT. HAÏR.

Among the prisoners confined at Loches may be mentioned Pierre de Navarre; the Bishops of Puy and Autun; le Sieur de Saint-Vallier, accused of being an accomplice of the Constable de Bourbon; Marshal Oudard de Biez; the Duc d'Elbeuf; the Marquis of Chandenier, head of the house of Rochechouart, nephew of the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, and one of the four Captains of the Guards in 1653. At the Sous-Préfecture, formerly, as it is said, the Palace Royal, may be seen the tomb of Agnes Sorel, mistress to Charles VII., and the oratoire of Anne de Bretagne, a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture. We have lingered too long at Loches, and passing Beaulieu, Noizay, Vernou, Vouvray, and Montlouis, we reached Tours, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel de l'Univers, a most excellent establishment on the Boulevard Heurteloup.

Tours is built on a fine plain on the Loire, and the surrounding country is fertile and

luxuriant to the greatest degree. It boasts of a very noble stone bridge of fifteen arches; a handsome suspension one; a cathedral, in which may be seen the tomb of two children of Charles VIII. and Anne de Bretagne (this mausoleum is in white marble); Charlemagne's tower, the Palais de Justice, a public library, and museum. From time immemorial, Tours has been famed for the beauty of its inhabitants; nor does it seem degenerated in our days, for we saw some females who, in some degree, came up to the eulogium of one of the Marmontier Monks (we quote his inflated language): "The women here are of a beauty that surpasses imagination. Those of other countries appear actually ugly by their side. With this is combined a taste in their dress which adds greatly to their grace. Their looks captivate the eye——;" but here we must stop; for the man of cloisters, though he praises their chastity, indulges in a most anti-monasterial strain, worthy of an Abelard.

Having letters of introduction to some leading residents at Tours, we were very hospitably entertained, especially by Monsieur S—— and his most estimable wife. The dinner party consisted of the mayor, who is a deputy, and some

of the principal inhabitants. Nothing could exceed the attention of our host and hostess, and the dinner and wines were faultless. The table was not crowded with dishes, as it too often is in England, where the Russian system is not adopted, nor were there as many *entrées* and *entremets* as are usual when we dine à la Russe. There was one peculiarity, which we think our Amphitryons at home would not be ambitious to follow, and that was, that every dish was placed before the master, who carved and sent it round. A great improvement has been made by our continental neighbours in the comforts of the table. Every *plat*, from the oysters to the dessert, is brought in separately, and the soup, the dressed fish, the fricandeau, the cotelettes, the poulard, and the vegetables—nay, the plates, are as hot as the most ardent admirers of caloric could require. To give a relish to the feast, a Lyons sausage, with more than a *soupçon* of garlic, was handed round—nor were sardines and olives wanting. The *meringues à la crême* and the *soufflet* were admirable, and the Sauterne, Champagne, and Bordeaux unequalled.

There is a plan carried out at Tours which was adopted on the above occasion, and which

might be imported into England with advantage. It is to send to a fruiterer for a handsome dessert, who on the following morning takes back all that is left, charging only for what has been eaten. If I recollect rightly, Walker, in that cleverest of culinary works, "The Original," suggests that those who give dinners in London, or other large towns, should job hams and rounds of boiled beef from the best cook-shops, by which means they ensure tender and well-dressed joints. Whether the fruit idea was taken from Walker I know not; but it is one that cannot fail to be patronized wherever it is introduced. Hunting and shooting furnished a great topic for discussion, our friends contending that the *chasse au chevreuil* and *aux perdrix* was not to be found in any country so good as in France; while we, on the other hand, raised our voices for the sports of "Merrie England."

As is usual upon such occasions, the lines of Hudibras (so often *mis*-quoted) were realized:—

> "He that complies against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still,"

and, although our opponents in argument were polite to a degree, it was quite evident that they

preferred the sound of the horn, the galloping up and down rides in the forest, "the pomp and circumstance" of a foreign *chasse*, with its *piqueurs* in blue and gold, to a five-and-thirty minutes' burst over a grass country in pursuit of a fox, which could not, like the object of their pursuit, be introduced *en marinade* at table. When, talking of pheasant-shooting, I stated that on that day twelvemonth I was present at a battue in Staffordshire, where in one day nearly a thousand pheasants were killed, and that during five, the amount, including pheasants, hares, and woodcocks, was increased four-fold, I could evidently see that the party thought I was indulging in a "long bow." During our stay at Tours we had the good fortune to dine at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall, whose friendly welcome was most delightful. Mr. Tyndall is the principal engineer on the railway line, and his value, both in public and private life, is duly appreciated by the French and English residents of this beautiful town.

As a matter of course, we devoted a few hours to Plessis-lez-Tours, immortalized by Walter Scott. It is situated in a plain, surrounded by woods, within a short distance of the Loire.

The admirer of the works of the great Magician of the North will, however, have to draw largely upon his own imagination to raise up in his mind's eye" the ancient feudal castle described in "Quentin Durward." The remains of a brick wall, half a tower—for the principal part was erected a few years since to form a shot foundry and a few broken busts are all that remain. At the extremity of a little garden, even worse kept, if possible, than the house itself, is a small modern pavilion. From it the visitor descends into a dungeon, lighted by three windows, and adorned with an old chimney, which has been lately restored. An inscription of a not very vivacious character, placed over the door, pretends that the Cardinal La Balue was confined there from 1473 to 1482, when it is a well-known fact that this prelate underwent the whole of his imprisonment at Loches, from which he was released in 1480.

Louis XI., who disliked both the the Châteaux d'Amboise and de Loches, had the present castle erected on the site of an ancient fort. Here he passed a great portion of his time, and here he breathed his last sigh. Since that period few historical events of interest have occurred in this

domain, with the exception that in the grand hall the States met to confer upon Louis XII. the title of "Father of his People;" and in 1589 the park was the scene of that celebrated interview between Henry III. and Henry IV., which united against the League the Reformers and the Royalists. Between Plessis-lez-Tours and the hospital stands an old mansion, called "La Rabaterie," supposed to have been formerly the residence of Olivier le Daim—the barber-minister of Louis XI.

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY—MODERN BATTUES—BREECH AND BARREL-LOADING GUNS—EQUIPMENT OF CAVALRY SOLDIERS—SLEDGING IN ENGLAND AND IN CANADA—RAILWAYS AND RACING—THE FOX—COURSING—WOODCOCK-SHOOTING—RETRIEVERS—THE POINTER—FOWLING IN SIBERIA.

THE 1st of February is a blank day in the sportsman's calendar, for a seven-months' truce is granted to the "nut-brown partridges," and an eight-months' cessation of hostilities to the "brilliant pheasant." Hare-hunting, too, ends on the 27th. There is still, however, plenty of amusement in store for those who delight in fox-hunting, and the fisherman may prepare his rod and flies so as to be ready to commence operations against the piscatory tribe in the following month. Although shooting is over, there is still left some occupa-

tion for the "gunner." His first object ought to be to have his murderous double-barrelled weapons taken to pieces, carefully looked over by the maker, well oiled, and laid by for the following season. His next duty is to see that his dogs are properly taken care of, and to attend to the comfort of those in the kennel, who have been his constant companions through many a long and exciting walk, through the mazes of a tangled forest, over the wild moor and heather, across the stubble, through field of "swedes," by the river's side, or on the banks of the lonely mere, isolated lake, or marshy fen.

While upon the subject of shooting, it will not be out of place to refer to the dreadful havoc made with game in many (for there are exceptions to the rule) of the modern *battues*, when so anxious is the proprietor to swell the list, that birds are shot at before they have scarcely risen, hares are knocked over within a few yards of the sportsman, and rabbits are treated as the mutineers were in India, "blown" from the guns. Independent of which, the keepers and beaters, knowing the cormorant propensities of their employers, constantly catch or

knock game on the head to increase the numbers of the killed.

There are many objections to the system of shooting for book instead of sport, for quantity instead of quality of the game, and the principal one is, that a moderate shot, however kind and pressing his host may be in urging him to take a gun, feels a great delicacy in so doing, knowing that, if he cannot contribute his quota, the return will not prove so satisfactory as it otherwise would. He feels that, if instead o killing a hundred head he can only claim forty or fifty, he will be set down as a "muff" and "marrer" of the so-called sport. Indeed it requires a man to be able to shoot as well as the celebrated mendacious Münchhausen asserted he did, when he fired his ramrod and strung a dozen wild-fowl upon it: and if by chance a modern "gunner" knocks over a brace of birds or hares with one barrel, he is lauded to the sky as an unerring marksman. Another objection is, that it induces men to take their neighbours' shots; for, not liking to miss, they bang away right and left, totally unmindful of the maxim, "Fairplay's a jewel." These remarks, as we have already observed, are not meant to apply to all promoters of *battues*, many

of whom see their game killed in a sportsmanlike manner, but are levelled against a select few who follow the tame barn-door principle — of slaughtering by fair or foul means all that come within their deadly fire.

A good deal of discussion has taken place with respect to the long-agitated question as to the merits of breach and barrel loading guns, and each party warmly espouse their views upon the subject. There can be no doubt that where only one gun is allowed, the sportsman has a much better chance with the former, as he can load much quicker; but where he is furnished (as at most *battues*) with a loader, he will derive little advantage from the modern invention. For wild-goose or wild-fowl shooting from canoe, punt, or boat, we are decidedly advocates of the breech-loader, as the sportsman need never rise from his reclining position, and may fire away without frightening away the latter timid birds.

While upon this subject, I cannot refrain from alluding to an excellent breech-loading carbine invented by Mr. M'Kensie, manager of Mr. Strode's gas engineer works, and the foreman in that establishment, whose name at this moment escapes my memory. It is simple, and

not likely to get out of order. We trust that the authorities of the Horse Guards will give it a fair trial, for if there is a reform wanting in the army, it is in the weapons of a cavalry soldier. Anyone who has noticed a party of mounted skirmishers must have been struck with the awkward manner in which the process of loading and firing is performed; and few troopers would hit a barn-door at forty or fifty yards. First the heavy unwieldy carbine has to be unstrapped, then the cartridge has to be extracted, then the ramrod has to be drawn, then the charge has to be driven down, then the copper cap has to be taken out—a difficult process on a cold frosty day—and placed on the nipple. Half the above work is prevented by the breech-loader; and if, instead of giving a dragoon a heavy carbine affixed to the saddle—which, in the event of the rider being killed or dismounted, generally furnishes a prize for the enemy—a light rifle slung across the back was substituted, it would be more efficacious when on the offensive, and doubly so on the defensive, to a horseless rider.

The present cavalry regulation-sword requires to be changed, for if a soldier or officer happens to be weaker in his frame, less powerful in his

arm, and smaller in his limbs than his comrade, he has to wield the same weapon, of which, from physical defects, he can never become master. When the standard was lowered during and after the Crimean war, no alteration was made in the arms, and a youth of eighteen or nineteen—a man of five feet eight, borne down with the weight and length of the sword—is expected to compete with those of a more mature age, strength, and height. As well might the dress, shako, and boots be of one uniform size, shape, and make. Let us, then, urge the authorities to have at least two different swords made, to be issued according to the *physique* of the soldier.

The English Winter is so uncertain, for generally there is not sufficient ice on the ponds to fill an ice-house, that few persons think it worth their while to provide themselves with sledges. Occasionally a few are to be met with; but, as a general rule, we have no vehicles in which we can go out in when the snow is some inches deep on the ground. This is a drawback, for there are few amusements that can compare with sledge-driving on a bright, clear, frosty day. In

Canada, sledging is carried on with great spirit in all the large towns. The sledge, or "cariole," as it is called, is calculated to hold two persons, with a seat for a servant behind. It is usually drawn by one horse—if two horses are made use of they are put together tandem-fashion, as the track in the roads will not admit of their going abreast. The shape of the cariole is varied according to fancy, and there are two distinct kinds—the open and the covered. The former is usually like the body of a French cabriolet, gig, or phaeton, fixed upon two iron runners or slides, similar in shape to a pair of skates; the latter, for town use, consists of the body of a chariot or coach, fixed on runners in the same manner, and entirely lined with furs. The carioles glide over the snow with great swiftness, and so little noise do they make in sliding along that it is necessary to have a number of small bells attached to the harness.

The late Prince Consort had a sledge at Windsor, and occasionally made use of it. At St. Petersburg and Vienna, nothing can exceed the splendour of the sledging parties, which generally take place at night, and when crowned

heads, ambassadors, ministers of state, military heroes, courtiers, and grand seigneurs vie with each other in the magnificence of their horses, the elegance of their sledges, the costliness of their furs, and the splendour of their gold and silver-mounted harness. Bands of music, and men with torches, attend these meetings, which are graced by the presence of a galaxy of beauty and illumined by the bright eyes of the residents at and visitors to these Courts. In Canada gaudiness gives way to neatness; and with the exception of a few family sledges the vehicles are perfect specimens of English "coaching" taste. A plain dark-coloured body, picked out with red or royal-blue lines, with two first-rate steppers, a neat harness, ornamented only with small brass bells, and a handsome bear-skin or buffalo-robe, forms the turn-out. Excursions are made from Quebec to visit the falls of Montmorency and La Chaudière; from Montreal to drive along the picturesque scenery of the St. Lawrence; from Niagara to witness the falls of the mighty cataract; and after a pic-nic and a dance, the party return home by moonlight, amidst the sounds of the neighing of steeds, the tinkling of their bells, the merry laugh, and the

song, catch, or glee struck up extemporaneously by some fair syren and her cavalier.

While upon this subject I cannot refrain from laying before my readers an account of a great skating feat which took place in America. At Detroit, Michigan, Miss Annie Clara Jagerisky accomplished a task never before attempted by one of her sex—that of skating for thirty consecutive hours without sleep, and only thirty minutes' rest during the time. This young lady was then but seventeen years of age, and of Bohemian parentage. The feat was commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, and until the last hour of the trial she skated without apparent exertion, but at that time she was thrown violently upon the ice by a collision with an awkward youth, sustaining a severe injury to one knee that well nigh concluded the affair. With genuine pluck, however, she persisted in continuing, and, despite a lameness and severe swelling of the limb, accomplished the undertaking in the presence of from 1,200 to 1,500 spectators.

In 1851, Harry Hieover prophesied that in 1870, a few years before or after, hunting, racing driving, and general field-sports would not be as much in vogue as they were at the time he wrote.

"That hunting," he said, "will year by year become less of a general pursuit than it has been for centuries, I hold to be a necessary, or at all events a certain consequence of the change of habits and facility of locomotion that has taken place since 1831.

'Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.'

This we learned at school; but it is carried out in other things besides money. As much as the facility of locomotion without exertion, fatigue, or exposure to weather increases, so will increase the desire to avoid either; and, as we cannot enjoy field-sports without encountering all these to a certain degree, so much as those living in the present day learn from habit to hold such things as insupportable, so much will the distaste for field-sports increase also." The writer then goes on to say that "the facility of railway conveyance will rob the country of half its inhabitants, and put an end to rural pursuits." Happily these prognostics have not been fulfilled, for there never was a period when national sports were in a more flourishing state than at the present time. The provinces continue to have their

numerous amusements. "Merrie England" can still boast of its fox, stag, hare, and otter hunting; its coursing, shooting, fishing, racing, riding, and driving; their vitality is on the increase; and, despite the croakings of many, we see no prospect of their dwindling away.

To our minds, until the railways came into operation, the sport of racing was never thoroughly nationalized. It was the amusement of a rich few who could afford to pay for the mail or posters; others less favoured by fortune could only attend the meetings near their county town. In bygone years a carriage-and-four to the Derby or Ascot Cup cost £20, and about half that sum for the Oaks; now a few shillings cover the whole expense of a journey by rail. Moreover, a man may breakfast in London, and, after a day on the Epsom Downs or on Ascot Heath, return comfortably for a late dinner. Happily then railways have got rid of all exclusiveness, and racing is now what William IV. termed it—"the national sport of a great and free people." Horses too are saved long and wearisome journeys, and the winner of the Gratwick or Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood has not to trudge more than two hundred miles to fulfil his

engagement at Doncaster. I remember once hearing a Yorkshireman say, "I've just stepped over to see t'osses run for t'Leger and Moog run for;" the worthy man having walked twenty miles twice during the week to see the contest for the St. Leger and Gold Cup, by him called "Moog." Now, for less price than the cost of shoe-leather, he can be transported by rail to witness both events.

Let us now turn to Reynard.

"The fox! the wicked fox was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Nor when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman or an unbelieving Jew.
Now, when the welkin rung with one and all,
And echoes bounded back from Fox's Hall,
Earth seemed to sink beneath, and Heaven above to fall."

So writes Dryden in his fable of "The Cock and the Fox," and it is quite clear that the wily animal will ever remain a terror to all who possess poultry-yards. At the same time, upon the principle of "give a dog a bad name and

hang him," many more sins are laid to the fox's charge than he is guilty of. The late James Morrell, of Headington Hill, than whom a kinder friend or better sportsman never existed, used to tell an excellent story of an old woman who made a complaint against a master of hounds, declaring that the vulpine marauders lapped up all the milk and cream in her dairy, and asking for compensation. Still, though we do not credit the milk and cream story, as it was never clearly explained how the fox managed to get in and out of the dairy, there can be no doubt that foxes do much mischief to the gallinaceous tribe. This, however, is almost universally compensated for, and therefore the farmer's wife ought not to be a foe to the fox—nay, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she is a friend to Reynard, knowing the immense good that accrues to all classes, especially the agriculturists, when a pack of fox-hounds is kept in the neighbourhood.

That there are vulpicides cannot be questioned: men who are the assassins of good-fellowship, social bravoes, who sacrifice the enjoyment of the many to the solitary gratification of self. It often happens, when large domains are left to the tender mercies of servants by some absentee-

landlord, that foxes receive summary sentence of excommunication; indeed it occasionally happens that with resident proprietors game-keepers are to be found unscrupulous enough to include the vulpine race among other vermin. The great evil, however, and the one most fraught with ruin to the interests of fox-hunting, is the practice of letting country seats, with the right of sporting over the manors attached to them. Generally speaking, the house and coverts are taken by an inveterate shooter, for no earthly object but to supply him with *matériel* for a constant *fusillade*. Here at once a black sheep is found among the flock; the lover of the trigger pays a heavy rent; and game he must and will have to cover part of the expense of keepers. Forthwith he grumbles, abuses the master of the hounds, denounces fox-hunting, finds fault with the landlord, and threatens to discharge the gamekeepers. The result may easily be anticipated—pheasants increase, foxes decrease.

Now it is far from my wish to deprive the "gunner" of fair legitimate sport, but this I maintain is perfectly compatible with preserving foxes. There are other poachers besides the wily

animal — bipeds — whose "delight on a shiny night" is to get a bag at any cost. Sportsmen ought to be bound by the ties of good-fellowship, whether their taste is for the hunting-field or the well-preserved covert, and all ought to remember the lines of Ben Jonson, who thus immortalizes the noble science:

> "Hunting is the noblest exercise:
> Makes men laborious, active, wise:
> Brings health, and does the soul delight;
> It helps the hearing and the sight;
> It teacheth arts that never slip
> The memory—good horsemanship,
> Search, sharpness, courage, and defense,
> And chaseth all ill habits hence."

In by-gone days, coursing the stag or deer was a favourite amusement with Queen Elizabeth; but it is no longer pursued as a sport. In the Highlands of Scotland, wounded stags, in deer-stalking, are secured by large wiry-haired grey-hounds. These dogs, which are erroneously denominated blood-hounds, are probably of the same species, though of smaller size, as the Irish wolf-dog. Their sense of smell is of an inferior description; yet they can both hunt and run, and it must be remembered that a "stricken

deer," dripping with blood, does not require any great acuteness of nose The antlered monarch, even when wounded, is often more than a match for these hounds, that is, if they attempt to face the noble animal at bay.

Wolf and fox-coursing were also once greatly in vogue. The wolf, however, has long been extinct in Great Britain, Wales, and Ireland. As wild deer have faded before the progress of cultivation, and as the fox is reserved for the noblest of sports, coursing is now confined to the hare, the fleetest, if not the most extraordinary quadruped in creation. In designating the hare the fleetest of all quadrupeds found upon the surface of the earth, we ought to add by comparison, since a race-horse would beat a hare for one mile, or any greater distance; and many greyhounds are to be met with fleeter than the hare. The great advantage poor puss has over her pursuers is derived from her powers of turning short; were it not for this she would readily fall a victim to a good greyhound. It is highly interesting to witness the artful dodges of an old hare. She generally has some brake or thicket in view, under cover of which she trusts to escape. On being put up she makes directly

for the hiding place, but unable to reach it, has recourse to turning; when the greyhound, unable to stop himself, is thrown from ten to twenty yards from her. No sooner does he perceive his flying foe about to enter the thicket, than he strikes at her, if within a reasonable distance; and by a wonderful instinct, the hare, aware of this propensity in the dog, will not attempt to enter her "harbour of refuge" until a sufficient distance between her and her pursuer renders the stroke ineffectual. Often at the critical moment, when almost within the jaws of death, she makes so dexterous a turn that the greyhounds are flung to a considerable distance, and she lives to be coursed another day.

As the early part of the year is the best time for shooting, a few remarks upon it may not be out of place. Commence we with woodcock-shooting, which is a sport that, to adopt an Americanism, "cannot be dittoed" anywhere. These migratory birds generally arrive among us soon after the Michaelmas full-moon, and about Christmas present their long *bills* to us in a far more agreeable shape than other—we were about to say *dun*—birds are wont to do all that festive season. For woodcock-shooting we

should recommend a short gun, as being the handiest to take aim with in strong covers, where it is difficult to move your arms amidst the branches of trees. Small shot, which, flying thicker than large, multiply the marksman's chance, may be used with advantage, especially with these birds, who will fall to a few pellets.

Woodcocks are very locomotive, rarely staying any time in one place, their principal haunts being near rills of water, or amidst the fallen leaves of some close coppice, tall clumps, or full grown woods. Towards evening, especially if the wind is from the south or south-west, they, having enjoyed their daily diet of worms, may be found in the wet pasturage in the meres, or by the brooks that skirt the woods, revelling in the luxuries of a bill and foot-bath. The Langnasen, or long-noses, as the Germans call these birds, are universally diffused, and are to be found in the frigid and torrid zones, in the old as well as in the new world. We hear of them in Greenland, Russia, Norway, Iceland, Sweden, Poland, Silesia, Siberia, Ceylon, Guinea, Barbary, on the Gold Coast, in the Islets of Senegal, in England, France, Germany, Louisiana, Illinois, and Canada. While on this subject, I must record

the hint thrown out by the epicurean author of "The Original," which, though selfish to the greatest degree, is so truly *original* that, while we condemn the sentiment, we cannot fail to admire the ingenuity of the writer. The advice is as follows: "If you have a friend to dinner, plead the excuse of a sprained wrist, and persuade him to carve the woodcock. By so doing you will ensure the best parts; whereas, if you help it yourself, you must of necessity give your guest the choicest bit."

Snipe-shooting, where the birds are plentiful —as I have seen them near the Falls of Montmorenci, a short distance from Quebec—is a first-rate diversion to those who do not object to getting their feet and bodies wet. Snipes lie better in dark, drizzly days; and their usual haunts are swampy and marshy ground. These birds seldom go away "down wind," and require a quick and good "shot" to bring them down.

A good retriever is an invaluable acquisition to the sportsman, and I have seen many splendid specimens of every parentage, size, colour, and shape. The St. John's breed of the Newfoundland dog is, taking it for all in all, the best for the purpose. These dogs can easily be broken in

to any kind of shooting; their sense of smelling is most acute; they are excellent in cover, on dry land, on the ice, or in the water, after wounded game; and are very tractable, sagacious, and obedient to orders.

The retriever should be a lynx in eye-sight, a cat in activity, an Ariel to fly and do his master's bidding, and a Tahiti islander in the water. A wave of the hand, and a "hie-away!" should send him through the thickest cover, or make him dash into the most impetuous river. Above all, the retriever should be very tender-mouthed, for there is nothing more annoying to the real sportsman than to find his game mutilated; and no dog can be called first-rate that does not bring a dead or wounded partridge, pheasant, woodcock, or wild-fowl to his master with hardly a feather rumpled, or a hare or rabbit with the fur removed.

Many a good day's shooting has been marred by the absence of such a dog, or, what is infinitely worse, by the presence of some half-broken canine brute, who, wilder than any hawk, will put up the game, disturb the covers, hunt the rabbits, or, when footing a wounded hare, will chase a fresh one, occasionally bringing in a

bird so mutilated that it is pronounced by the gamekeeper to be only fit bait for the trap, or a hare so torn to pieces that the cook declares "it's not worth its currant-jelly for roasting."

A well-known authority, H. D. Richardson, who wrote some admirable treatises on fowling dogs, says that, as far as he has been able to discover by reading or tradition, the first person who succeeded in breaking the setter was Robert Dudley, Earl of Northumberland. He was originally employed for netting partridges, for which purpose he was taught to squat down upon his belly, on arriving at a proper distance from his game, and from this *squatting* or *setting* he derived his usual appellation of "setter." The setter appears to have been originally produced by a cross between the large water-spaniel and the Spanish pointer; and by subsequent careful breeding, he has been brought to great perfection and to a high degree of beauty. As to the comparative merits of the setter and the English pointer, much has been said and written, but the matter eventually comes to this, that the setter is stronger, less easily fatigued, and is a much faster dog than the pointer. His skin is likewise better protected by hair, and he can with perfect

impunity dash into furze or thorny cover, into which the more thin-skinned pointer dare not venture. His feet are likewise less easily cut by rocky ground or by briers, being covered on the under surface with thick short hair which grows between his toes and on the under surface of them. These advantages decidedly give him the superiority in snipe or woodcock shooting, where water is frequently to be come at, but if the weather be warm and water scarce, then let your trust be in your pointers, as the setter cannot hunt without an occasional drink, and, when deprived of that refreshment, speedily becomes fagged, and is a convincing proof that he had been better left at home.

The pointer, on the other hand, is far less thirsty, and will hunt a whole day under circumstances in which his rival would have scarcely held out half the time. The question, therefore, stands thus: In wet grounds use the setter, in dry the pointer. The setter takes the water uncommonly well, and is on that account eminently useful in duck-shooting. He, however, requires a vast deal more training than the pointer, and indeed so rapidly forgets his lesson as to require usually a little schooling every season.

Before I conclude my remarks upon shooting, I think the following account of fowling in Siberia may be read with interest:

"Shooting after our manner is never practised here. If a peasant sees any one shoot flying, he stands with his mouth open, staring with astonishment, not at the skill of the sportsman, but at his folly in expending so much ammunition, which is exceedingly expensive, on a single bird. He believes, as is really the case, that more skill is required to shoot with his rifle, which carries the smallest quantity of powder, and a single ball about the size of swan-shot, with that extraordinary precision necessary not to perforate the fur. In this, perhaps, they excel any people living. If they do shoot, though they prefer to trap even the black cock, *gélinottes* and *coq-de-bruyère*, they always strike the bird on the head, and this at a distance of two or three hundred paces. They snare even a species of woodcock, a bird unknown in England; of which there are periodical flights in Russia and Siberia, and which are considered superior to any other game. When they shoot, they approach the object first on all-fours, and then crawl on their stomachs till they are at a

proper distance for firing. They have usually two rests to their rifle, which they fix in the snow or ground when not frozen, and, having taken a steady aim, rarely if ever miss.

"To an Englishman these rifles do appear, to be sure, the most extraordinary machines, and few would have the courage to use them. They prove, however, that success depends much more on the skill of the sportsman than the excellence of his arms, which, indeed, we have long since found out in many other countries. We had with us one of Lancaster's tube-guns, for which the amateurs would have given more than the prime cost, but more out of curiosity than for use. The common rifle-barrels are made at Tobolsk, are very heavy, and have a very small bore. The grooves are round, instead of perpendicular, and the ball, which is cut, instead of cast, is forced in and the edges rounded off in ramming down. The lock is large and awkward-looking, the springs on the outside, that of the cock clumsy and not tempered; the whole machine works so slowly that you may see the trigger stop and move on again during the progress of the cock towards the pan. The charge does not contain fifty grains of powder.

In the event of a spring breaking, the "gunner" readily replaces it by one of wood, generally of larch, which answers his purpose equally well, and he is thus independent of the gun-maker. With all these imperfections, they rarely or never miss, and always hit an animal whose fur is precious through the muzzle. Rifles of this sort cost here twenty-five roubles, powder five roubles per pound, and lead is also dear."

CHAPTER III.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING—COURSING — OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS——ANGLING AND SHOOTING—A VISIT TO IRELAND—STEEPLE-CHASING—SKATING—SCOTTISH GAMES—GOLFING—CURLING—TENNIS—THE SPORTS OF LONDON IN BYGONE TIMES—FIGHT ON THE WATER.

A well-known sporting authority says that "the pursuit of woodcocks with good spaniels or starters as they are called, may be termed the fox-huntingof shooting," and in many places very excellent cock-shooting may be had in January. The great objection to beat covers, in which game of other descriptions may be plentiful, is removed in this case, because, as most woods are shot out late in December, or early in this month, there is very little left to disturb in them, and those that have been more favoured may easily be avoided. The snipe-shooter may also follow his amusement, with still less danger of doing

any mischief, as neither the mountain, morass, nor the marsh below, is likely to contain anything else, except perhaps a wild-duck, widgeon, or teal, which are always welcome at all times, and in all places.

Pheasant-shooting early in the year depends more than any other kind of shooting upon the manner in which the grounds have been sported over during the three preceding months. If much game has been killed great forbearance is required, so as to reserve a sufficient number of birds for the breeding-season. As a matter of course, a cessation from pheasant-shooting in the latter part of the season need not be requisite on extensive manors, especially if wholesale slaughter has not attended the *battue*. By not indulging in this sport, imported from Germany, and with a moderate share of judgment, an owner of large preserves may so manage matters that his stock of game shall hold out till the last, and yet afford a fair day's shooting at any period of the season. It is essential to look well after pheasants and to feed them in January, for two good reasons: first, because it is generally the most severe month in the year; and secondly it is one in which they can find least food for themselves.

The disturbing of the covers in beating for woodcocks (to say nothing of banging away at the pheasants themselves) is likely, too, to make them look out for new quarters, if they have not good reasons to be satisfied with their old ones. It ought also to be remembered that if a hen-pheasant takes to new ground at such a late period of the season, she may be likely to stay and build her nest there, and thus a nide may be lost in the following October.

The very common opinion that, provided the hens are spared, the cocks may be destroyed *ad libitum*, is one in which I cannot concur. That old cocks may be got rid of to advantage, no one will deny; but to ensure good sport for the ensuing Autumn, some mercy ought to be extended to that splendid bird from the banks of the Phasis, now domiciled in British woods. The pheasant is a close-lying bird at all times of the year, but the partridge of January is very dif ferent from the partridge of September. It no longer waits to be kicked up from under the pointer's nose, but is now sufficiently ready to take wing—and once upon the wing, is not inclined to alight again in a hurry. It requires a workman to bring home ten or twelve brace in a

day, whilst a tyro might have done it at the early part of the season; and there can be no doubt that the shooting-matches which are best calculated to try the relative strength of the contending parties are those that take place late in the year, either at grouse or partridges.

The well-known match between Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and Captain Ross, some years ago, which came off in September, was more a trial for superiority between the two manors than the two men; and Holkham being the best, Mr. Coke out-numbered his adversary. That between the Captain and the Hon. George Anson, which ended in a tie, was a much more sporting affair, as it was later in the season, and they both walked side by side. On lands that have not been unmercifully shot over in the earlier part of the season, good partridge-shooting may occasionally be had to the last, and still a sufficient quantity be left for breeding. By good partridge-shooting we do not mean to say that anything like the same number may be killed as in September shooting; but, as it requires twice as much skill to bring down one bird in January as it did to bring down three in September, the amusement is nearly the

same to the real sportsman, who shoots for sport, and not for book.

February is a good month for coursing. Hares run strongly, and dogs are fresh after their Christmas vacation. We see "in our mind's eye" one of these meetings. Warblington Heath is the rendezvous, just by the "Old Pack Horse," a small way-side public-house, and ten o'clock is the hour fixed. Shortly before that time groups of pedestrians and equestrians are seen approaching the spot, and "mine host," honest Joe Gurden, his "missus," and Sam, the ostler, are busy preparing "entertainment for man and horse," for, as the latter remarks, it is to be a great day for the Pack Horse.

Here the Squire, mounted on a strong clever cob, looking most important, is talking aloud to a gaping throng upon the merits of his brindle dog Herdsman, who is entered for the Warblington Stakes; and there his adversary, Farmer Purton, is backing his favourite black-and-white bitch Purity, for a crown, with young Skipsey, the blacksmith's son. Then there is the "tryer," whose "brief authority" for the time being has so swelled him out that no peacock was ever prouder, and who, as a limb of

the law, the attorney's clerk, remarked, would ruin any man to buy him at his own price; in addition to which, yeomen and farmers variously mounted, labourers, tramps, and idle boys are all proceeding to the twenty-acre field, led by the Squire and the tryer. Now the sport begins. The tryer reads his paper: "Squire Hamble's Herdsman, Farmer Purton's Purity." Straightway the greyhounds—none the worse for a brief holiday—are led forth; the beaters march forward, and all eyes are strained to catch a view of the timid animal. "Halloo-loo-loo!" The hare is up, and bounding away as if the ides of March had set in, and lunacy had overtaken her. The dogs are slipped—they catch sight of her—and, like Mazeppa's horse, away they go "upon the pinions of the wind." Along the plain they fly—Puss makes a rapid turn—Purity is upon her—she has her! A flush of excitement mantles over the winner's face as he receives the congratulations of his friends, and pockets three crown pieces, with the prospect of receiving a new hat next market-day, which he has won from the sporting clerk of the parish. Other courses follow; but as hares are plentiful, the description, "dull for an hour, mad for a minute," cannot fairly be applied to the meeting.

From the above remarks, it will be seen that there are few months during which out-door amusement can be carried on with greater delight than during the first of the year, and there is an additional charm connected with it, which is, that it is the season of festivity, when old, middle-aged, and young join together in family and friendly reunion to usher in cold but cheerful January. What can be more gratifying to the mind, more exhilarating to the spirits, or more conducive to health than a country-house during the Winter, with its round of open-air and in-door pastimes. Let us suppose it to be open weather, and a pack of foxhounds and harriers meeting three times a-week within reasonable distances, when the enjoyment is greatly enhanced by the presence of a young Oxonian or Cantab home for the vacation; of an Etonian, Harrovian, Westminster, Winchester, or Rugby boy passing the Christmas holidays in the halls of his ancestors; or even of some little fellow recently emancipated from a private school, whose sparkling eye and joyous laugh speak, in more eloquent terms than words could do, of unalloyed pleasure. See the pride which the Trinity or Christchurch "man" takes in some

raw-boned, broken-kneed, thorough-bred hunter, well-known in Cambridgeshire and Oxfordshire, hired especially for the occasion. Witness the exultation of the youthful Etonian as he charges a flight of rails on a splendid animal from the stables of Robert Chapman (familiarly known by a slight abbreviation of his Christian name), which the "governor," or relieving officer"—we adopt the phraseology of the fast men of the day—has given him as a new year's present; or watch the "little fellow" decked out in knickerbockers and polished leather leggings, mounted on his Welsh pony, "Jenny Jones," as he follows the old coachman, especially retained to pilot him throughout the day over grass and ploughed land, through hedges and gaps. What sight can be more cheering? It brings back to the mind of the veteran sportsman the days when his hunting career commenced; it recalls to the middle-aged his boyish freaks; and it cheers the heart of the old huntsman, who revels in the idea that the rising generation have not degenerated, and that the sport of their ancestors still holds its ascendancy in "Merrie England."

Again, the pleasure of shooting is increased by the presence of "gunners" not "used up,"

and who, instead of having game beat up to them, or stopped by nets, will with elastic step, and more elastic spirits, penetrate the thickest of woods after a woodcock, thread the mazes of a well-grown plantation after a pheasant, beat every hedge-row for a hare or wounded bird, walk through the turnips on the chance of finding a covey of partridges (wild as they generally are at this period of the year), or wade through the mud after a snipe; nay, there is a pleasure to be experienced even in watching Master Willy or Jacky making up to the gardener for the temporary loan of his old flint-and-steel gun, kept to scare away the feathered race from the fruit-trees, and now about to be used in the destruction of a blackbird, sparrow, or other "warbler of the grove." A day, too, with the greyhounds, accompanied by the juveniles, is a most agreeable way of passing a morning, and if poor "puss" falls a victim to its relentless pursuers, with what pride does the Westminster boy carry the ill-fated timid animal over his saddle-bow to the house, knowing that to a party of sportsmen a hunted hare is deemed the greatest of luxuries!

In February the fisherman may prepare his

rods and flies, so as to be ready to commence operations against the piscatory tribe in the following month.

The angler now looks forward for the approach of Spring; and every day brings it nearer to him. About the fourth, or fifth, the woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note; a week after, rooks begin to pair, and geese to lay, the thrush and the chaffinch sing their "wood-notes wild," and the loud noise of the green woodpecker is heard. Partridges begin to pair, the house-pigeon has young, missel-thrushes couple, wood-owls hoot, insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the stone-curlew clamours. Many plants appear above ground towards the end of the month; but few flowers, except the snow-drop, are to be found.

Should the sportsman happen to have a friend among the kind, warm-hearted, hospitable Emeralders, I strongly advise him to hunt him up, so as to finish the season with the "long-bills." In Ireland, both woodcocks and snipes, which are plentiful, are considered as game, and protected by the law— a consummation devoutly to be wished for in England. The journey to the sister-country is now performed with so much

comfort and economy that it surprises me that more gunners do not find their way there. I remember the time when the passage from Holyhead to Dublin took up more time than you require now to go from London to the latter place and back, and when the land journey occupied five days. Hurrah! then, for "ould Ireland" and the trigger,—not the *hair*-trigger, at eight paces, which is now, happily, in disuse.

Steeple-chasing is popular in February, but we own it is with regret that we find this break-neck pursuit so much in the ascendant, for to our ideas it cannot come under the denomination of legitimate sport. If during, or at the end of, a hunting season, gentlemen like to try the merits of their respective horses over four or five miles of a fair country, there can be no possible objection to such a proceeding; on the contrary, it is an amusing and harmless recreation. But, when horses that have never followed a hound, ridden by professional jockeys, are brought out to gallop three or four miles over a race-course, with stiff stone walls, strong posts and rails, awfully large artificial brooks, hurdles, thick fences, and broad ditches, the whole sport is destroyed. Instead

of its being a test of the goodness of a hunter, it degenerates to a mere gambling racing transaction, in which the best horse seldom or never wins; for, with a field of fifteen or sixteen, the chances are that the favourites are put *hors de combat* by the rush or pressure of the others.

If a severe frost sets in during the month of January, and continues until the end of February, as was the case in 1855, the occupations of the Nimrods are suspended; but such weather is *hailed* (we mean no pun) with satisfaction by the skater, who longs to show off the "outside edge," the "figure of eight," "inside edge," "figure of three," and other graceful movements, to the admiring crowd assembled on the Serpentine river, or on the lake in the park of some ancestral home of England. The first mention of skating, although probably it was of much earlier date, is made by Fitzstephen, who, in his description of London, thus writes:

"When the great fenne or moor (which watered the walles of the cities on the north side) is frozen, many young men play upon the yce. Some, stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly; as some tye bones to their feete and under their heels, and shoving themselves by a

little piked staffe, doe slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crossebow."

Here, though no implements were used, we have skating. It is, however, to the Dutch that this country is indebted for the present iron-shod skate. As the tread of the skate should correspond as nearly as possible with that of the foot, the wooden part should be of the same length as the foot or boot; and it will avoid endless trouble if the skate is fixed to the sole permanently, so that the process of boring a hole into the leather heel, which often penetrates into the human one, and the inconvenience of strapping on the skates, may be avoided. Much difference of opinion has existed as to whether the iron should be fluted or plain. I own I prefer the latter, as being quite as secure, and enabling one to go as fast as those who use the former. These irons should be kept well and sharply ground; and the best test of a good skate is that, when placed on a level surface, it stands perfectly perpendicular. Theory will never produce a good skater, and he who aspires to become one should commence at an early period of life. Good nerve, patience, and an accurate balance

of the body are the principal requisites. When the young practitioner has acquired a facility in keeping the figure and the face rather elevated, the leg which is on the ice perfectly straight, that which is off it equally so, though not stiff, the toe pointing down, and the one heel about twelve inches from the other, he may consider he has got over the first important lesson. To become expert in the more difficult movements, he must be careful to strike out steadily, never allowing both feet to be on the ice together, and he must take especial care to raise the arm contrariwise to the leg. Natural grace will be required before any one, male or female, can be pronounced an elegant skater; for, like dancing, although every pains may be taken to teach the steps and figures, no one will be able to lay claim to high honours in the Terpsichorean accomplishment, or upon the glacial surface, who is not gifted with an easy dignity of deportment.

Before we notice curling, we will offer a few observations upon golfing, which, although principally carried on in Scotland, is occasionally to be met with in England. This sport is very ancient, for in 1457, previous to the renewal of the truce between England and Scotland, statutes

were promulgated against golf (pronounced "gouff" across the Border), lest it should interfere with the practice of archery, so necessary to the martial education of the Scottish youth. In 1744, the city of Edinburgh took a different view of the subject, by voting to the company of golfers a silver club, to be contested for annually. As the game is not, as we have already remarked, very well known to southerners, we may mention that the club is from three to four feet long, according to the height and length of arm of the player.

The club is curved and massive towards the head, to give it scope, weight, and strength. This head is formed of beech, or some other tough wood, and is planed off as it proceeds upwards, so as to adapt itself to the handle, to which it is very firmly glued, and tightly corded down. The face of the club is further secured by a piece of hard bone or ivory, at least half an inch thick; is loaded with five or six ounces of lead, according to the fancy of the player, and is usually bound with cord, list, or velvet. The ball, which is composed of stout leather, filled with feathers, is about the size of a boy's cricket-ball, painted over with several coats of white paint. The game

is played by two or more persons, so that there may be an equal number on each side; but only two balls are used, each party striking in turn. If, however, the last striker does not drive his ball so far on as that of his opponents, one of his party must then strike one, or perhaps two more, and the game is thus marked by calling out one, two, or three more, as the case may be. If more than two are playing, the same person does not strike twice in succession. A miss is counted one, and the party who puts the ball into the hole at the fewest strokes wins the game.

The chief places where this game is played, are "Auld Reekie," on a fine green, to the south of the city, called The Links; at Leith, St. Andrews in Fifeshire, Glasgow, and the Inches of Perth. The grounds used for the sport vary in different parts of Scotland. Some are nearly square, with a hole at each corner, about 440 yards apart, the players having to traverse the whole surface, finishing the game at the spot from which they started. In addition to the clubs already described, there are others called 'putters," which are carried by the attendants of each party. Some are short and heavy, and used when making a direct stroke near the

hole; others, formed of iron, are called into requisition to hit a ball when unfavourably placed, as in a rut or hole, where the wooden club would probably be broken. Although each society has its own particular regulations, they are principally founded upon the long-established rules of the "Thistle Golf Club" of Edinburgh, to which I would refer those of my English readers who are anxious to become proficient in the practice of golfing.

Curling may be considered as national a Winter game in Scotland as golfing is a Summer one, and it is carried on with the greatest spirit throughout the "land of the mountain and the flood." Pennant, in his Tour, in 1792, thus refers to it: "Of all the sports of these parts, that of curling is a favourite, and one unknown in England. It is an amusement of the Winter, and played on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another a great stone of from forty to seventy pounds weight, of an irregular hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at top, The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partners which had been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist." Curling is

supposed to have been introduced into Scotland some four hundred and fifty years ago. It was also attempted in the Emerald Isle, but failed for want of support. In our colonies it has proved more successful, for so long ago as 1819 I took part in a game on the mighty St. Lawrence, within a few miles of Quebec.

I have already alluded to the blocks of hard stone, which should present an upper and under surface perfectly plain, and as smooth as art can make them; the object of which is that the least possible resistance should be offered to the sliding of the stone on the ice. Each curler is supplied with one of these blocks, or two, according to previous arrangement. The "rink," or course, is marked out on the ice, which should be as slippery and as free from cracks as possible, particularly such as are longitudinal, so that the progress of the stone may not be impeded. Upon this "rink" a mark is made at each end, called a "tee," by drawing two small circles, that the relative distances of the stones from the "tee" may be seen at once, it being against the rules of the game to permit any actual measurement until the play is over. These circles are called the "broughs." Two scores are then drawn

across the "rink," called the "hog-scores," distant from the "tees" about a sixth part of the length of the course; and those stones which do not pass the line are placed *hors de combat.* The length of the "rink" varies from thirty to fifty yards, and the breadth is about twelve feet. Although at the first glance the game may appear simple, it requires a great deal of ingenuity in laying your stones well, in striking away that of your adversary, guarding your partner's, and playing very much after the manner of a pool at billiards. When the stones on both sides have been played, the one nearest the "tee" counts one, and if the second, third, fourth, &c., belong to the same side, all these count so many "shots" (as they are called), thirty-one of which for each side is the number usually played for.

There is another game which is peculiar to Scotland, called "shinty"—it is a sort of glacial hockey. A small hard ball is used, and the main object of the player is to strike it, with a wooden club, beyond a boundary marked on each side. When the word "play" is given, the two contending parties immediately commence operations, and it is highly amusing and exciting to see them scrambling, running, rolling, and

sliding, as (regardless of danger, or of one another's shins) they strike the ball repeatedly until it reaches its goal.

In many parts of Scotland, where lakes are not to be found, artificial ones are made, by flooding the meadows previous to a frost, when every class, from the peer to the peasant, the head of the clan to the humble dependant, may indulge in the national sports of the ice. Before I take leave of this subject I must remark that golfing was highly patronized by royalty, the unfortunate Charles I. being much attached to it. James II. was so distinguished a "golfer" that it is said "none could equal him, save one Patterson, a shoemaker of Edinburgh, with whom the King condescended to play; and having fairly beat him, consoled him by a munificent donation."

There are days occasionally in February when, as the saying is, "one would not turn a dog out of doors," much less a biped; but even then, if the sportsman should happen to be in one of the country-houses of England, or in some large town, I cannot feel much pity for him, as he will be able to find pleasure without braving the pitiless storm. Warm draughts and fires *within*

will amply compensate him for "rough ice" and cold draughts *without;* and a man must be an inordinate lover of out-door sports if he cannot amuse himself in the tennis-court, billiard-room, or shooting-gallery. The ancient and intricate game of tennis, though it had its origin in France, was played in England before the year 1500. It was a royal pastime in which Henry VIII., when a youth, took great delight. There is a famous match on record between "Bluff Hal" and the Prince of Orange, which was won by the former. To the uninitiated, the "dedans," "first, second, and last gallery," "service and hazard side," "chases," "passes" "tambour," "grill," and "advantage sets" are complete mysteries, and therefore to them a game of rackets will be quite as amusing, and far more easy to carry out in the country. The "board of green cloth," or billiard-table, as it has been aptly called, is too well known to require any remark; and one great advantage of the game of billiards or pool is that any number, including a portion of the fair sex, can take part in it.

A visit to the shooting-gallery, to fire away sundry pounds of powder and ounces of lead at small images made of plaster of Paris, will help

to while away an hour or two. Sad will be the havoc created among the fragile heroes! Wellington, the hero of a hundred battles, who was never wounded but once, and that was by a spent ball at Orthez, will probably bite the dust at the first shot; his adversary, Napoleon I., having escaped scathless at Waterloo, will be knocked over by a single ball; poor Byron will receive a bullet in that splendid classical brow of his; the "Magician of the North" will realize the lines of one of his satirists—

> "And none by bullet, grape, or shot,
> Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

The Apollo Belvidere and Medicean Venus will crumble to atoms, as the marksman raises his fatal pistol; Paul Pry will not venture to intrude himself for more than a minute; Charles I. will again lose his head, and no oak will again shelter the Merry Monarch; Joan of Arc will be pulverized in the twinkling of an eye; Shakspeare will find a modern *pistol* as effective as his "Ancient Pistol;" Milton will be annihilated, Cardinal Wiseman laid low, Petrarch's beauty will be destroyed, Daniel O'Connell's manly figure will lick the dust; while kings, queens,

emperors, princes, poets, senators, broom-girls, heathen gods and goddesses, nymphs, fawns, and satyrs will be mingled together in helpless confusion.

England has ever been foremost as a sporting nation, and the manly games and exercises that delighted our forefathers are, with a considerable degree of improvement, and the absence of much cruelty, still carried on by their descendants. Nor are they confined to our island home; for, following our example, the French, Germans, Russians, and others have adopted hunting, racing, shooting, and yachting as national amusements.

In a curious tract written about 1174, by Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, entitled, "Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londinæ," is an interesting picture of the metropolis and its customs in Henry the Second's time. According to this author, the city was then bounded on the land side by a high and spacious wall, furnished with turrets and seven double gates, supposed to have been Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, Ludgate, and a postern near the Tower, and had in the east part "a tower palatine," and in the west two castles well

fortified, Baynard and Montfichet. Further westward, about two miles, on the banks of the river was the royal palace (at Westminster), an incomparable structure, guarded by a wall and bulwarks. Between this and the city was a continued suburb, mingled with large and beautiful gardens and orchards belonging to the citizens. On the north side were open meadow and pasture lands, and beyond a great forest. Of this forest, Enfield Chase is a small remainder, in whose woody coverts lurked "the stag, the hind, the wild boar, and the bull." Without one of the gates, also, in a certain plain field (Smithfield), on every Friday, unless it was a solemn festival, was a great market for horses, whither earls, barons, knights, and citizens repaired to see and to purchase.'

The authority from whom we have just quoted gives a curious account of the morts and pastimes of the period. "London," he says, in allusion to the exhibitions and sports of ancient Rome, "instead of theatrical interludes and comic shows, hath plays on more sacred subjects, as the miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the glorious constancy displayed by suffering martyrs. Besides these diversions, to begin with the sports

of youth, seeing that we were all once children, the boys of every school do yearly, at Shrove-tide, bring game-cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at school seeing these cocks fight together. After dinner, all the youths of the city go into the fields to play at ball. The scholars of every school have their balls; and the teachers also, that train up others to feats and exercises, have each of them their ball. The aged and wealthy citizens ride forth on horseback to see the sports of these youngsters, and feel the ardour of their own youth revive in beholding their agility and mirth. Every Friday afternoon in Lent, a company of young men ride out on horses fit for war and racing, and trained to the course. Then the citizens' sons flock through the gates in troops, armed with lances and shields, and practise feats of arms; but the lances of the more youthful are not headed with iron. When the king lieth near, many courtiers and young striplings from the families of the great, who have not yet attained the warlike girdle, resort to these exercises. The hope of victory inflames every one; even the neighing and fierce horses shake their joints, chew their bridles, and cannot endure to stand

still. At length they begin their race; afterwards the young men divide their troops, and contend for mastery.

"In the Easter holidays they counterfeit a fight on the water. A pole is set up in the midst of the river, with a target strongly fastened to it; and a young man standing in the fore-part of the boat, which is prepared to be carried on by the flowing of the tide, endeavours to strike the target in his passage. In this, if he succeeds so as to break his lance and yet preserve his footing, his aim is accomplished; but if he fall, he tumbleth into the water, and his boat passeth away with the stream. On each side of the target, however, ride two vessels, with many young men, ready to snatch him from the water as soon as he again appeareth above the surface.

"On the bridge and convenient places about the river, stand numerous spectators to behold the diversions, well prepared for laughter.

"On all the Summer holidays, the youths are exercised in leaping, shooting with the bow, wrestling, casting stones, and darting the javelin, which is fitted with loops for the purpose; they also use bucklers like fighting men. The maidens

dance with timbrels, and trip it as long as they can well see. In Winter, on almost every holiday, before dinner, the boars fight for their head, or else some lusty bull or huge bear is baited with dogs.

"When the great Moorish lake on the north side of the city wall is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice. Some taking a run, and setting their feet at a distance from each other, and their body sideways, slide a long way; others make seats as great as millstones on the ice, and one sitting down, is drawn along by his fellows, who hold each others' hands; and, in going so fast, they sometimes all fall down together. Those who are more expert fasten bones to their shoes (as the tibia of some animals), and impelling themselves forward by striking the ice with staves shod with iron, do glide along as swiftly as a bird through the air or a dart from a warlike engine. Sometimes two persons, starting from a distance, run against each other with these staves, as if they were at tilt, whereby one or both of them are thrown down, not without bodily hurt, and after their fall, are by the violent motion carried onward and grazed by the

ice, and if one fall upon his leg or arm it is usually broken; yet our youth, who are greedy of honour and emulous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may sustain the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

"Many citizens take delight in birds, as sparrowhawks, goshawks, &c., and in dogs to sport in the woody coverts; for they are privileged to hunt in Middlesex, in Hertfordshire, in all the Chilterns, and in Kent as low as Craywater."

CHAPTER IV.

BREECH OR MUZZLE-LOADERS—A GOLDEN RULE—PRESERVATION OF GAME IN WINTER—HARE-HUNTING—ANGLING—THE SEVERN — SALMON FISHING — SPAWNING — DEFINITION OF SPORT—YACHTING — PARTRIDGES — HAWKING — SPORTS OF THE COCK-PIT—COCK-FIGHTING.

THE question as to which is best, the breech or muzzle-loading gun, still remains an open one; and many first-rate sportsmen and practical gunners are at issue upon the subject. We have already referred to it; and have now to call our readers' attention to Culling's patent safety trigger-guard. Before, however, we enter upon that topic, we cannot refrain from offering a few remarks upon the wonderful changes that have taken place within the last half-century, especially as regards fowling-pieces. Who that remembers the old flint-

and-steel lock could have imagined that it would have given way to the detonator?—who would have dreamt of opening the barrel of a gun to insert the cartridge? A gunmaker in the palmy days of John and Joseph Manton would have been looked upon as demented had he foretold the modern improvements, for at that period the tinder-box had not given way to lucifer matches—the road to the rail—oil to gas —sailing to steam-power.

We might quote many instances of critics who were prompt to decide upon philosophical truths on which their previous pursuits and studies did not render them competent to pronounce a sound judgment. One alone will suffice our present purpose, and that was of no less a personage than the author of "Waverley." Sir Walter Scott, as is well remembered in Edinburgh, laughed outright at the *delusive* notion of lighting towns with gas, and yet lived to become chairman of a gas company; and "The British Critic," in an article upon a "Heroic Epistle to Mr. Winsor, the Patentee of the Hydro-carbonic Gas Lights," commenced thus: "We hail this effusion as one of the happiest, most pointed, and most witty pieces of satire on a *temporary delusion* which has

appeared since the days of Swift. The individual to whom it is addressed, the subject which has engaged his attention, the curiosity of the public towards him, and their repeated disappointments, are all matters of sufficient notoriety." Who, after this, will venture to put a limit to man's scientific and inventive powers? who will be bold enough to say that many more wonders than those which distinguish this age may not be brought to light, and that the rising generation may not live to see the day when balloons may be navigated through the skies—when fresh powers may be given to steam—when the Armstrong gun may be surpassed—and when man and woman's labour may be universally carried out by machinery?

Culling's patent trigger-guard, for safety, is infinitely superior to any invention of the kind we have ever seen. The patentee, Mr. Culling, gunmaker, of Downham Market, Norfolk, has, by a very simple addition to a plan which for a length of time has been adopted in France, rendered the gun perfectly safe not only when brought to the shoulder, but when held perpendicularly, as in the case of loading; which is, to the careless or uninitiated, one of the most

dangerous positions in which a gun can be held. We think Mr. Culling's invention will be a boon to the million, for nothing can be more complete. Any plan which has for its object safety, if not thoroughly carried out, misleads the holder of it, by giving him false security; and accidents have often been known to occur through misnamed safety-weapons.

One word of advice before I conclude this subject. Let not any sportsman, however protected he may suppose himself to be with trigger-guards, ever hold a gun in a position which, if it went off, would result in mischief to any living soul. That is the alpha and omega of the whole affair; and many a valuable life would have been spared had this best of golden rules been always carried out.

While upon the subject of shooting, I may here remark that there is one idea which ought ever to be uppermost in the thoughts of every sportsman, and that is the preservation of game during the Winter months; for if great attention is not paid to it, disappointment when the next shooting commences must ensue. Of all kinds of game, none requires more care than the pheasant, which,

being an importation from the East, has to contend against the rigour of our cold climate. Although these beautifully-plumed Phasian birds will exist through very severe weather, it is absolutely necessary to supply them with a sufficiency of food, or they will be tempted to roam in search of it. If, then, the proprietors of covers adopt a penny-wise and pound-foolish system, by not going to the expense of a few sacks of barley to scatter about the preserves during a severe frost, they may expect to find many absentees, who, if not killed in their wanderings, will probably never return to their old quarters, from whence they were starved out. So daring is the pheasant when pressed for food that, failing to find it in the woods or fields, he will frequently be found feeding in the farmer's rick-yard. To plant a few acres of buckwheat adjoining a large preserve is an excellent plan, for it answers two important purposes; it saves the crops, and keeps the game from roaming beyond its due bounds. Still neither this nor any other precaution will be sufficient when a deep snow is upon the ground, for then it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to additional feeding. The quantity that ought to be given must depend

upon a variety of circumstances: the inclemency of the weather, its duration, and the state of the natural food that comes within the reach of the pheasant. For instance, if the oak-trees are numerous in the preserve and in the neighbouring hedge-rows, and are well stocked with acorns, the "long-tails" will require much less feeding. Still, to ensure a good show, and to prevent your birds being "starved out" like the frozen gardeners that perambulate the metropolis and other towns during the time when King Frost reigns supreme, let your watchword be, "Feed, feed, feed!" Depend upon it the system will answer in the long run. Pheasants are fond of abiding amidst high timbers, and the monarch of the wood is the favourite haunt. When, however, the gusts of old Boreas have deprived the birds of their food and shelter, they seek the latter amidst the unchanging branches of the pine tree.

Although hare-hunting cannot be compared with fox-hunting, it still ranks high as a quiet, sober, old English, gentlemanlike amusement, tending very little to the breaking of necks, or the riding to death of horses. It affords the lover of field-sports a very delightful gallop on a bracing

morning in October; gets him into his seat against the first of November; added to which, a scurry over the grass land or ploughed field, and a quiet jump over a small fence, brook, or hurdle are excellent exercise for the hunter or cover hack! Our ancestors, decked out in green coats and buckskins, with their pack of slow, old-fashioned, long-eared harriers, were wont to take the field soon after the peep o' day, and in due course of time, after making their hits, and stopping, succeeded in worrying a hare to death. Modern science, however, has reformed this altogether. We take our breakfast at ten o'clock, get into our saddles half-an-hour after, and by eleven ten couple of little *multum in parvo* hounds, with noses like bloodhounds, are moving in the direction of the scene of action, a large turnip field, in which a cunning old dodger knows pretty well where to push up a hare, if such a thing is to be found on this side the country.

Poor puss! how little does she think, as she lies in her snug form, that such a band of men and dogs are bent upon her destruction. But the "finder" has proved himself right, and, jerking down one ear, away she bolts, scamper-

ing off as fast as her legs can carry her. In due course of time the hounds are laid on the scent, and Tomboy hits her off behind the furze bushes. He gives tongue; others chime in; the whole chorus echoes over the plain; and away, away gallop the field like madmen. The timid animal is now in view—she never turns her head; but her capacious ears tell her of all that is going on. She falters—the old hounds press forward—they are upon her—they have her: no, she bounds off at a right angle; the pack again retrieve their lost ground, and the sportsman's luxury—a hunted hare—is within their grasp! With all these delights (for they are delights to those who cannot indulge in the "noble science") hare-hunting has somehow or other of late years fallen into sad disrepute.

One reason that so little respect is paid to hare-hunting may be found in the unsportsmanlike manner in which too many packs of harriers are conducted, in the wild-goose propensities they exhibit in chase, and in the absurd appearance they present in kennel and at covert side. How often do you see a whole pack, perhaps of ten or eleven couple, consisting of

the veriest brutes alive: one hound as fat as a prize pig at the Christmas cattle-show, and another as lean and starved as a church-mouse; here a couple of pure-bred venerable fox-hounds, two-and-twenty inches in height, and there three or four stunted, bandy-legged wretches under sixteen; on your right a few patriarchs, with bleared-eyes, sore feet, and mangy-looking bodies, and on your left some unbroke yearlings, partaking more of the turnspit breed than that of the harrier.

The Severn affords generally good sport for the angler; dace, carp, and roach being plentiful. Those who aspire to more exciting sport may not unfrequently meet with salmon in this river. The common salmon (*Salmo sala*, Linn.) is a fish too well known both in flavour and appearance to require any particular description. According to Cuvier, it is found in all the Arctic seas. It enters the rivers in the Spring. Yarrell, that first-rate authority upon the subject, observes that fishes ascend the rivers in some situations much earlier than in others, the time depending on their attainment of the breeding condition. Rivers issuing from large lakes afford early salmon, the waters having

been purified by deposition in the lakes; on the other hand, rivers swollen by melting snows in the Spring months, are later in their season of producing fish, and yield their supply when the lake rivers are beginning to fail. "The causes influencing this," says Sir William Jardine, "seem yet undecided; and where the time varies much in the neighbouring rivers of the same district, they are of less easy solution. The northern rivers, with little exception, are however the earliest, a fact well known in the London markets; and going still farther north, the range of the season and of spawning may be influenced by the latitude."

Artedi says that in Sweden the salmon spawn in the middle of Summer. According to Yarrell it appears that the temperature of the water has considerable influence, for he writes—"The fish having at length gained the upper and shallow pools of the river, preparatory to the important operation of depositing the spawn in the gravelly beds, its colour will be found to have undergone considerable alteration during the residence in fresh water. The male becomes marked in the cheek with orange-coloured stripes, which give it the appearance of the cheek of the *Labus;* the

lower jaw elongates, and a cartilaginous projection turns upwards from the point, which, when the jaws are closed, occupies a deep cavity between the inter-maxillary bones of the upper jaw; the body partakes of the golden orange tinge, and the salmon in this state is called a Red Fish! The females, which are dark in colour, are commonly called Black Fish; and by these terms both are designated in those local and precautionary regulations intended for the protection and preservation of the breeding fish." Preparatory to the process of spawning, the male and female salmon, working against the stream, plough up by means of their snout a furrow in the gravel, and in this furrow the spawn is deposited. After this operation the fish becomes out of condition and unfit for food. Yarrell describes thirteen British species of the family Salmonidæ, and Cuvier places the following genera under them: Smelt, grayling, greyniad, argentine, and several others, as may be seen in his work, "Le Règne Animal."

A quaint anonymous writer, who flourished some five-and-twenty years ago, gave a very whimsical description of all that is included in the word "sporting." "In infancy, we commence

sporting with a rattle; in childhood, we sport bats and balls; in youth, airs and graces; in manhood, sweethearts and wives; in middle age, politics and ambition; and, as life declines, we sport with many a speculation of which we may not be destined to witness the result. The old maid sports with character, the quack with constitutions, the lawyer with your pocket, the politician with your rights, the hypocrite with your feelings, and the coquette with your heart. Sports of the field are natural, national, healthy, and animating. Sports of fortune consist of making a battledore of one man and a shuttlecock of his neighbour. The beauty sports smiles, the syren tears, and the undergraduate 'sports oak.' It is not sporting with truth to affirm that we live in a very sporting world, where, play your cards as you may, *honours* too often are gained by *tricks;* the sharper *shuffles*, and the man of probity *cuts* him; those who *deal* justly are very properly *piqued* when a rogue *revokes* his promise. The games of *commerce* and *speculation* have been highly profitable to these lucky islands, and no *hazard* of winds and waves nor the *cannon* of the enemy has prevented us knocking the *ball* of good fortune into our own *pockets*."

There is a great deal of truth conveyed in the above remarks, and the oddity of the style may provoke a hearty laugh.

Yachting may be truly said to be a national amusement; it is English all over, from the cathead to the taffrail, from the cutwater to the stern post. The taste for yachting has disseminated itself throughout the country; every seaport town can boast of its club and regatta, and the sister-isle takes its share in this aquatic sport. Few sights exceeded that which was seen many years ago, when the gallant squadron under the late Lord Yarborough visited Cherbourg. Our Gallic neighbours declared that it was *magnifique*. The symmetry of the various vessels, the neat appearance of the crews, and the admirable manner in which the yachts were handled, created quite a sensation. If such was the feeling then, what would it be now, when the tonnage is increased tenfold?

Partridges pair in February; but seldom begin to lay eggs until the end of April or the beginning of May. It is upon record that twenty-eight eggs in one instance, and thirty-three eggs in two other instances, have been found in one nest; but it is shrewdly suspected that more

than one bird had laid eggs in the same nest. In one of the above instances, in which the nest with thirty-three eggs was in a fallow field, twenty-three young birds were hatched out, and went off with the old ones, leaving four of the eggs behind, with live birds in them. The attachment of partridges to their eggs and young is well known to all lovers of natural history. Mr. Jesse, unquestionably the best writer upon the subject, mentions the two following cases :—

"A farmer discovered a partridge sitting on its eggs in a grass field. The bird allowed him to pass his hand frequently down its back without moving or showing any fear; but if he offered to touch the eggs, the poor bird immediately pecked his hand."

"A gentleman living near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, was one day riding over his farm and superintending his ploughmen, who were ploughing a piece of fallow land. He saw a partridge glide off her nest so near the foot of one of his plough-horses, that he thought the eggs must be crushed. This, however, was not the case; but he found that the old bird was on the point of hatching, as several of the eggs were beginning to chip. He saw the old bird return to her nest the instant

he left the spot. It was evident that the next round of the plough must bury the eggs and nest in the furrow. His surprise was great when, returning with the plough he came to the spot, and saw the nest indeed, but the eggs and bird were gone. An idea struck him that she had removed her eggs, and he found her, before he left the field, sitting under the hedge upon twenty-one eggs, and she brought off nineteen birds. The round of ploughing had occupied about twenty minutes, in which time she, probably assisted by the cock-bird, had removed the twenty-one eggs to a distance of about forty yards."

The great hatching time in the southern parts of England is from the 20th of June to the end of the month, and then the partiality of the old birds for their young brood is shown conspicuously. Selby observes, "As soon as the young are excluded, the male bird joins the covey, and displays equal anxiety with the female fer their support and defence. Their devices to draw off intruders, their parental instinct, and their courage in fighting for their offspring, are wonderful." We read authenticated statements of the parent birds attacking a carrion crow who had attempted to carry off one of their brood. We

have been told of the old birds defending their progeny from their mortal enemy the kite; besides a variety of other instances of the determination with which the "nut-brown partridge" protects its young. During the day, partridges are seldom on the wing except when disturbed. They frequent fields of grass, clover, and turnips, visiting the standing corn, or, if that be cut, the stubble, for their morning and afternoon meals. Dry Summers are particularly favourable for the breeding of partridges; and White, in his "History of Selborne," states that "after the dry Summers of 1740 and 1741 the partridges swarmed to such a degree that unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty, and sometimes thirty brace in a day." What would this writer say to the numbers now killed, which throw the sport of bygone days into the background? The fact is, the generality of 'shots" are better than they were, and birds are more plentiful; in addition to which, the breech-loader of the present day, and the system of having men to hand it over ready loaded, add wonderfully to the return of killed.

Among the bygone sports of other days may be mentioned hawking, for although we have

still an hereditary grand-falconer in the person of the Duke of St. Albans, the pursuit is no longer carried on. The ranges of stables throughout the metropolis, called mewses, were so named in the time of Henry VIII., that monarch having, in consequence of an accidental fire in 1534, at his stables in Bloomsbury, transferred his horses to the place where his ancestors had *mued* their hawks. Mewe, in its original application, signified a kind of cage where hawks were kept when they *mued* or changed their feathers; whence it was afterwards taken in a more extended sense, and signified a cage or place of confinement of any sort. In early days every royal palace had a a mews attached to it; the one at Westminster being the chief. By an ancient account, it appears that in 1299 Edward I. was charged two shillings and four-pence, of that day's currency, for Winter shoes to Hawkins, the keeper of the mews at Westminster: "Hawkins custodi mutarum regis, apud Westm. pro calceamentis hiemalibus anni pregentis, per compotum factum apud Westm. meuse, ANNO 1229." In 1330, Ralph de Manners was made keeper. In 1377, the office was given to Sir Simon Burley, the accomplished favourite

of Richard II., and seven years afterwards the celebrated Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed, among other offices, to be clerk of the King's Works in the Palace of Westminster, and in the Mews at Charing, then an inconsiderable village. In "Troilus and Cresseide," we find the following hawking simile:

> "And when that he came riding into the town,
> Full of his lady from his window down,
> As fresh as faucon coming out of mue,
> Full ready was him gudely to salue."

And one of Shakespeare's characters inquires:

> "Dost thou love hawking?"

In 1390, Sir Baldwin de Beresford, Knight, appears as master of the royal falcons; and in 1400, the office of Master of the Mews, with a mansion called the mew-house annexed, was granted by a patent from Henry VI. to Richard, Earl of Salisbury. Richard III., in the first year of his reign, gave the office to John Grey, of Wilton. Charles II. bestowed the office of keeper of the king's falcons on his son by Nell Gwynne, Charles, Duke of St. Albans, and the heirs male of his body. Thrace and Britain are

the only two countries which, according to historians, encouraged hawking in ancient times.

In the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given one thousand pounds for a cast of hawks; and to this extravagance may be attributed the severe laws that were then enacted. Even the ladies were not without their falcons in earlier times; for upon an ancient tomb in the church of Milton, Dorsetshire, appears the consort of King Athelstane, with a hawk on her hand tearing a bird. This favourite diversion is now entirely fallen into disuse; and as it was a pastime in which the fairer part of the creation took pleasure, we deeply lament its absence from our modern lists of sport. The very mention of hawking reminds one of the days of chivalry and romance. Among the Anglo-Saxon nobility the training and flying of hawks was a principal amusement. Alfred the Great is said to have written a treatise upon the subject. When Edward III. invaded France, he took his hawks with him. In this reign it was made felony to steal or conceal a hawk; nor were the laws less stringent in that of Henry VII., when it was decreeed that "any person taking from the nest, or destroying the eggs of a falcon or

goshawk, even in his own grounds, should suffer imprisonment for a year and a day, and be liable to a fine at the King's pleasure." The invention of gunpowder put an end to the art *venandi cum avibus*.

The present generation will scarcely credit the savage, barbarous amusements, as they were called, that took place, within the memory of men now living, at the Cock Pit, Duck Lane, Westminster. It was in a dark, filthy narrow lane, now swept away, but not far from the present site of Victoria Street. A board over the entrance, on which was delineated a representation of two of the gallinaceous breed in mortal combat, a dog-fight, and a pugilistic encounter, pointed out the den of iniquity. The room was circular; the seats were placed one above the other along the building, and in front was a circus, the arena in which the combats took place. Here mains were fought—dogs were pitted against each other, who bit and shook one another until death often ended the fierce battle; and here bears were baited in a most cruel manner. The spectators, with the exception of a few "fancy swells," consisted of the scum of the metropolis; thieves from White-

chapel, housebreakers from Shoreditch, coiners and utterers of false money from St. Mary Axe, "duffers" from the New Cut, receivers of stolen goods from Field-lane, Jew prize-fighters from Houndsditch, dog-stealers from Tothill-fields, "crimps" from Ratcliffe-highway, pickpockets from Drury-lane, horse-"chaunters" from the New-road, butchers from Clare-market, publicans from the lowest purlieus in the cities of London and Westminster, pugilists from the Horseferry-road, keepers of gambling-houses from Leicester-square, "cads" from St. Martin's-lane, and denizens of the Rookery in St. Giles's.

The origin of cock-fighting is said to be derived from the Athenians, for, according to an old legend, when Themistocles, the Athenian general, was marching his army against the Persians he espied two cocks fighting, upon which he ordered his men to halt, and addressed them in the following terms: "Behold! these do not fight for their household gods—for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not succumb to the other." This so encouraged the Grecians that they fought with redoubled courage, and obtained

a splendid victory; in commemoration of which, cock-fighting was ordained by law to be annually practised by the Athenians. Despite, then, of the boasted refinement of the ancient Greeks, the origin of this barbarous amusement, if amusement it can be called, can be traced to them. The inhabitants of Delos, Tanagra (a city of Bœotia), the Isle of Rhodes, Chalcis, in Eubœa, were all great lovers of this sport. At Athens, cock-fighting was kept up with a view of encouraging the youths of that city to valorous deeds; but it afterwards, both in that classical city and in other towns in Greece, degenerated into a low common pastime. It appears that the Romans, who borrowed this custom from Greece, used quails as well as cocks for fighting.

Cock-fighting is no longer patronized by the public, as it was wont to be some forty years ago, although a few mains are still fought in private, under the denomination of "Poultry Shows." Cock-fighting is described in a work entitled "Journey through England," published in 1724, where we find the following notice of that cruel sport:—"A cock-pit is the very model of an amphitheatre of the ancients. The cocks fight in the area, as the beasts did formerly among the

Romans; and round the circle above it sit the spectators in their several rows. It is wonderful to see the courage of these little creatures, who always hold on fighting till one of them drops, and dies on the spot. I was at several of these matches, and never saw a cock run away. However, I must own it to be a remnant of the barbarous customs of this island, and too cruel for my entertainment. There is always a continued noise amongst the spectators in laying wagers upon every blow each cock gives; who, by the way, I must tell you, wear steel spurs (called, I think, gafflets) for their surer execution. And this noise runs fluctuating backwards and forwards during each battle, which is a great amusement; and, I believe, abundance of people get money by taking and laying odds on each stroke, and find their account at the end of the battle; but these are people that must nicely understand it. If an Italian, a German, or a Frenchman should by chance come into these cock-pits, without knowing beforehand what is meant by this clamour, he would certainly conclude the assembly to be all mad, by their continued outcries of 'six to four,' 'five to one,' 'ten pounds to a crown,' which are always repeated

here, and with great earnestness, every spectator taking part with his favourite cock, as if it were a party cause."

It is not clearly known when cock-fighting was first introduced into England, but the earliest notice of it is in the reign of the second Henry. The practice was prohibited in Edward the Third's reign, but was revived under the auspices of Henry the Eighth, who established a cock-pit at Whitehall. James the First was greatly addicted to the sport, and it continued to flourish during the good old days of Queen Elizabeth. By an Act, under the Protectorship, the practice was a second time prohibited in 1634. Sherlock, in a letter to a friend at Paris, says: "It is worth your while to come to England, were it only to see an election and a cock-match. There is a celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion in these two scenes that words cannot paint, and of which no countryman of yours can form even an idea." Such scenes of reckless extravagance and drunkenness, are, however, no longer a blot upon our country, and we congratulate ourselves upon the abolition of the cock-pit, the bull-ring, and the bear-garden. A

foreigner now visiting our island will find nobler sports than those which Englishmen once indulged in—sports which tend to elevate, not to brutalize, the human mind. There was a punishment, called "basketing," frequently made use of in the cock-pit, when persons refusing or unable to pay their losings were adjudged to be put into a basket, and suspended over the pit, there to remain during the day's diversion. On the least demur to pay a bet, "basket" was vociferated *in terrorem*. Were this practice still carried on, with respect to turf defalcations, it would have a very stringent effect, and some half dozen "welchers" "basketed" at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster would be a sight well worth seeing, and might tend to discourage others. To parody Dibdin's lines on "Poor Jack," we might say:

"There's a great swindling 'welcher' now perched up aloft,
To warn all other rogues of their fate."

The inhabitants of Sumatra, in the East Indies, are devoted to cock-fighting, and the arena for the sport is a spot on the level ground, or upon a stage erected and covered in. It is enclosed within a railing, into which none but the handlers are admitted. Great pains are taken

in breeding and feeding; and birds of the same colour are never matched. Contrary to the English laws, the owner is allowed to take up and handle his bird during the battle, to clear his mouth of blood, or his eye of a feather. When a cock is killed, or runs, the other must have sufficient pluck and vigour left to peck at him three times on his being held up to him for that purpose, or it becomes a drawn battle; and sometimes an "artful dodger" will place the head of the vanquished bird in such an uncouth position as to scare the other, and prevent his gaining the victory. The cocks are never trimmed, but matched in full feather. The artificial spur used in the East resembles in shape the blade of a scimitar, and proves a more destructive weapon than a European spur. It has no socket tied to the leg; and by its position the nicety of the match is regulated. In Sumatra, birds of a superior weight and size are handicapped, and brought to an equality with their adversaries, by fixing the steel weapon so many scales of the leg above the natural spur, and thus obliging him to fight with some disadvantage. It rarely happens that both cocks survive the combat.

The sports of bull and bear baiting were

formerly the delight of the English, and their passion for these savage amusements may be attributable to the example of their conquerors, the Romans, whose imperial city abounded with amphitheatres, many of which were devoted to the combats of wild beasts; no expense being spared to furnish them from all parts of the world. It must be admitted that the taste of our ancestors had sadly degenerated from those of the Romans, for the former contented themselves with chaining a bull or a bear to a stake, to be worried by dogs, whereas the latter were wont to pair a variety of animals for the combat, which was a much fairer proceeding. Sometimes we hear of a tiger matched with a lion; sometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear; and very frequently bipeds as well as quadrupeds were engaged, for we read of men, denominated *Bestiarii*, taking part in the contests.

CHAPTER V.

VERNAL VICISSITUDES — STAG-HUNTING — HORSE TRAINING — FLY-FISHING—LLANDILO-VAWR—A CULINARY LESSON—ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS ON SPORT—GOING THE ROUNDS—A VISIT TO ST. GILES—INVIGORATING EFFECT OE FIELD SPORTS —CHESTER RACES—THE SALMON POINTER.

"MARCH is the opening period of vernal vicissitudes; and violent gales now often occur. If north-east winds prevail, look for a drier Summer than usual." So says the almanack; and to judge by the usual March weather, most arid Summers must be expected. There is an old saying that a peck of dust during this month is worth a king's ransom; and if that be true, we generally get enough to redeem from captivity every monarch under the sun. Seasonable as the weather may be, we own it is enough to

drive bipeds as mad as March hares—an animal, by the way, that we have never yet had the good fortune to fall in with in that state, and which would prove a zoological curiosity—to meet the cold, cutting, keen east wind, to have your eyes and ears filled with pulverized material, and, oh ignoble thought! to find your mouth turned into a dusthole. Yet such is the case in London, because the commissioners for watering the metropolitan streets wait until the 1st of April—not an inappropriate day for an act of egregious folly—to commence their operations, being blind to the idea that in the latter month Nature will probably take upon herself to furnish gratuitously that for which we are taxed so heavily.

On the 20th the vernal equinox takes place, which introduces the Spring quarter. All Nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of Winter About this time the bees leave hives in which they have been sheltered from the storms of Winter. The alder has its flowers in full bloom; the laurustinus, laurel, and the bay begin to open their leaves. Towards the end of the month the violet and primrose have their flowers full blown; the yew-

tree also is in bloom; the buds of the cherry-tree, the hawthorn, and the larch begin to open. The farmer goes to the plough, and proceeds (if weather permit) to sow oats and barley.

In the month of March fox-hunting is nearly over, and the summering of the hunter, that has carried his master through many a severe run, should now be the object of the Nimrod's care. Stag-hunting may still be continued by those who can face an easterly wind, and do not care to destroy their horses' legs from the hardness of the ground. The "gunner," if he is a cormorant for sport, may wind up the season with wild-fowl shooting, and the follower of "Old Izaak" may prepare his tackle, and get his "hand in" by fishing for carp, tench, dace, or roach. We own ourselves that the very thought of sitting in a punt, or standing by the river's-side on a March day, with wind enough to blow your hook out of instead of into the fish's mouth is quite enough to give us a cold shiver, yet many will be found to indulge in this chilly recreation.

As the racing season is about to commence, I consider that I cannot do better than offer a few remarks upon a most important subject, that

of training the race-horse. Many noblemen and gentlemen train in their own parks, and often the stud-groom undertakes the office of getting the horses in condition for running. The above system, though not generally approved of, has one advantage, which is that the horses are well fed, which in some public stables, when done by contract at so many guineas a-week, they are not.

Although trainers (like Doctors with biped patients) disagree in their modes of training horses, we think the following system, founded upon reason and experience, will prove to be the best. As a month is the least time that can be allowed to draw the horse's body clear, and to refine his wind to that degree of perfection that is attainable by art, it is at first necessary to take an exact view of his body, whether he is high or low in flesh; and it is also necessary to consider whether he is dull and heavy, or brisk and lively when abroad. If he appear dull and heavy, and there is reason to suppose it is owing to too hard riding, or, as the jockeys express it, to some grease that has been dissolved in exercise, and has not been removed by scouring, then the proper remedy is half an ounce of

diapente, given in a pint of good sack; this will at once remove the cause, and revive the creature's spirits. After this, for the first week of the month, he is to be fed with oats, bread, and split-beans, sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as he likes best, and always leaving some in the locker, that he may be fed at leisure whilst left alone. At feeding time, whatever is left of this must be removed and fresh given. By these means the creature will soon become high-spirited and full of play. Every day he must be rode out an airing, and every other day it will be proper to increase his exercise, but not so as to make him perspire too much. The beans and oats should be put into a bag and beaten till the hulls are all off, and then winnowed clean; and the bread, instead of being chipped in the common way, should have the crust cut clean off. If the horse be in good health and spirits when taken up for its month's preparation, the diapente must be omitted, and the chief business will be to give him good food, and so much exercise as will keep him in wind, without over-sweating or tiring him. When he takes longer exercises afterwards, towards the end of the month, it will be proper to have some horses

to gallop with him. This will put him on his mettle, and the beating them will give him spirits. This, however, is to be cautiously observed, that he is not to be pressed to full speed for ten days or a fortnight before the race, and that the last gallop that is given him must be in his clothes. This will make him run with much more vigour when stripped for the race.

In the second week the horse should have the same food, and more exercise. During the last fortnight he must have dried oats that have been hulled by beating. After this they are to be wetted in a quantity of whites of eggs beaten up, and then laid out in the sun to dry; and when as dry as before, the horse is to have them. This sort of food is very light of digestion, and very good for the animal's wind. The beans in this time should be given more sparingly, and the bread should be made of three-parts wheat and one-part beans. If his system should cease to be cool, and his body moist under this course, he must then have some ale and whites of eggs beaten together.

In the last week the mash is to be omitted, and barley water given in its place every day till

the day before the race; he should have his fill of hay at first, and then it ought to be given more sparingly, that he may have time to digest it; and on the morning when the high-mettled racer is to appear on the course, he must have a toast or two of white bread soaked in sack, and the same just before he is led out to the field. By this method the two extremes of fulness and fasting are equally avoided, the one hurting his wind and the other occasioning faintness that may make him lose. After he has had his food, the litter is to be shaken up and the stable kept quiet, that he may be disturbed by nothing until he is taken out to run.

Angling and fly-fishing can be carried out to great perfection, the moment the cold March winds cease to blow, and the bitter skies to freeze. Although I couple the two sports together, they are as widely different as the lofty Ben Lomond is from the peaceful vale of Avoca; the fountains of Versailles from those of the popping ginger-bottle monstrosities in Trafalgar Square, or one of Longfellow's poems from a Seven Dials ballad; and yet we believe that the patient punter who passes his day in a flat-bottomed boat near Twickenham or Richmond, enjoys his

sport as much as the fly-fisher who kills his salmon of one-and-twenty pounds in the romantic waters of the Spey. We own ourselves that fishing for barbel and dace is not much to our mind, for we are epicurean enough to confess that we consider not a little incentive to the sport is the thought of having the honour of your finny prey to dinner. It is with such views that we have sought the pools of Wales and the rivers of Scotland for delights which would gladden the heart of every fisherman from Old Izaak down to his followers of the present day. With this preface, we will proceed to describe a fishing excursion among the Black Mountains in Carmarthenshire.

It was on the 10th July, 1822, after a journey by coach, post-chaise, and on horseback, that a party of three, of which I formed one, entered the village of Llandilo-vawr, which the natives in their simplicity dignify by the name of a town, and after purchasing provisions for our excursion, and hiring a pony to carry our baggage, proceeded to Clyn-y-Van, or the pool among the Carmarthenshire mountains. Before leaving London we had provided ourselves with a small tent and a certain quantity of preserved condiments,

with a few bottles of genuine Glenlivat whisky, enough to mix with water and destroy the animalculæ. Before daylight we were abroad, and after discussing a hasty meal, commenced our ascent of the first range of hills and on gaining the summit round which the path winds to Clyn-y-Van, stopped for an instant to survey the rising sun, a more beautiful sight than which cannot be imagined. After a toilsome walk of two hours we contrived to have a peep at the waters we were in search of, with the dun clouds resting on their peaceful bosom. The sight renewed our drooping spirits, and we were at last rewarded for our exertions by gaining the loftiest peak. A most magnificent view presented itself. On every side rose gigantic mountains at the base of Clyn-y-Van. The spire of the village church was visible embosomed in wood, and surrounded by the neat white cottages of the mountain turf-cutters. Higher up, the smiling appearance of the richly cultivated lowlands was no longer to be seen, being succeeded by wild boggy heaths, with no sound save that of the bleating of browsing flocks, and the cries of the blackcock, sole tenants of the waste.

When we had sufficiently enjoyed the land-

scape, we descended a circuitous path, which brought us into a sort of circus belted by an amphitheatre of rocks. It was in this hollow that the trout-pool was situated, which now gleamed brightly in the Summer sunshine. Leaving our tent to be pitched on the bank by two hardy mountaineers who attended us, and giving instructions that a fire should be lighted ready for culinary purposes upon our return, we, after a snack, hurried to the pool, and commenced our operations. Our rods were speedily prepared; a red hackle and a stone-gnat were attached to them; and silently we took our respective stations by the water side. After a few moments of intense anxiety, one of my companions hooked a fine trout.

"Give him play," said Jenkin Jones, the fisherman, who attended us.

"All right!" responded the other; and after playing him with infinite dexterity, giving him a full swing of line, he finished his triumph with the landing net.

"Three pounds and a half," said the delighted Welshman, as he weighed the piscatory luxury in a small pair of scales he carried about with him. And here it may not be out of place to

remark that, if a tyro wishes to catch such another fish in the mountain pools, he should attach to a tapering rod, and light-blue silk line, one or more black or red hen-hackles. But of whatever nature the flies may be, they should be brilliant; for in waters so surrounded they are exposed to the winds that come roaring through the interstices; and in such cases none but a dazzling bait can have a chance of being seen on the ruffled surface. The foot link or bottom part of the line should be composed of the finest gut, in length about two yards, that the heavier substance of the silk may not fall with too splashing a sound.

Towards the evening, the clouds gathered, and the lurid appearance of the atmosphere portended a storm. We were informed by Jenkin that all chance of sport was at an end for the day, and that, if we wished to escape wet jackets, we should make the best of our way to the tent. Following his advice, and being perfectly satisfied with our day's amusement, during which we had caught twelve brace of trout, we regained our canvas home just as the thunder, which was heard in the distance, reverberating in louder tones as it approached, burst full over the spot we had just

left. Nothing could exceed the awful solemnity of the scene. As each roll pealed in ten thousand echoes among the mountains, it elicited feelings easier to be understood than described. During these contemplations, the fleecy clouds sailed rapidly away, the mists were dispelled, and the sky was left bright and blue, like that which is seen in that sunny land—fair Italia.

A call to dinner now summoned us to our tent; for we had sought the shelter of an overhanging cliff, and there we found a repast worthy of Heliogabalus, Apicius, or their modern prototype —the late Dr. Kitchener; trout beautifully dressed in a variety of ways, so fresh that they needed not "the foreign aid of ornament" in the shape of Harvey's, Anderson's, or Lee and Perrin's fish sauce; Welch mutton chops, and kidneys grilled, hot-and-hot from a fire that would have gladdened the hearts of the members of the Beefsteak Club; potatoes steamed to perfection, with a slight relish of *pâté de foie gras*, and a Westphalian ham from a well-known Italian warehouse in London.

Perhaps my readers, who have accompanied me to the river-side, will have no objection to step into the temporary culinary department, where, à la Francatelli, I will give them a lesson in the highly-

important business of dressing a trout or salmon-peel. In the first place, let him be carefully washed, gutted, and deprived of his bones; then season him with salt, black pepper, and allspice, and put him into an earthen pot, with as much water and vinegar as will cover him. Throw in a due quantity of rosemary and thyme; bake all together in the oven for about an hour; and sprinkle the whole with horse-radish. The potables consisted of some Edinburgh ale, and a bowl of punch rendered perfectly cool with freezing powders, for Wenham Lake ice was not even in prospective existence.

The following morning but one, after two excellent days' sport, we struck our tent, packed up our baggage, and quitted the peaceful and romantic pool, to wend our way on foot through the country that had afforded us so much amusement and interest. In conclusion, few people can imagine the immense number of pedestrian anglers that migrate during the Summer and Autumn to Wales. They are to be met with in every corner of the Principality, among the mountains, the glens, the rivers, and the lakes, in inns and hovels, from the peaceful vale of Llangollen to the foot of the cloud-capped Snowdon, from Rhaider-y-wennol

and its fine water-fall to Capel Carig and its snug hostelry. More than one reason can be assigned for the preference shown to this "land of the leek" —namely, retirement, rurality, and economy; and, although the fishing cannot vie with that of the Scottish rivers, by a little attention to the proper flies for the month, as well as to their make, excellent sport may be had. The rivers swarm with trout, salmon, salmon peel, serven or sewen, a fish unknown in England, and which I shall briefly describe. In appearance it resembles a trout, is in season the same time with salmon, towards the fall of the leaf, and may be caught in a similar manner. But one caution must be observed in angling for it. The fly must be large, not too brilliant; the line and foot-link particularly light, and the fisherman must not be seen, as, of all mountain fish, a sewen appears to be the most timid.

Many distinguished individuals have delighted in sport. Among the royal and noble personages who in past days were devoted to manly games and exercises, may be mentioned the following. James the First of Scotland, second son of Robert the Third, and the fourth in descent from Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, was eminently expert in all athletic exercises, particularly in the use of the sword and

spear: and his dexterity in tilts and tournaments, in wrestling, in archery, and in the sports of the field was perfectly unrivalled. James the Fourth excelled in horsemanship, fencing, and shooting. By much watching, slender diet, and use, he was enabled to endure all extremities of weather, scarcity or want of rest, with good health of body. His prowess at Flodden Field, where he was slain, is thus described in the old English ditty:—

"The king himself was wounded sore,
An arrow fierce in's forehead light,
That hardly he could fight no more,
The blood so blemishèd his sight.

"Yet like a warrior stout he said,
And fiercely did exhort that tide,
His men to be no thing dismay'd,
But battle boldly there to bide."

Henry the Eighth was a sportsman, as may be gleaned from the following extract from the King's "Balade," supposed "to be written and sung" by his Majesty:—

"For my pastaunce
Hunt, syng, and daunce
My hert ys sett;
All goodly sport
To my comfort
Who shall me lett?"

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, was a distinguished sportsman. According to Granger, he understood horsemanship, music, and poetry; but was a better horseman than musician, and a better musician than poet. Indeed, the wits of the day declared that his Grace knew more of the *mews* than the muse. Clarendon remarked that the Duke was fitter to break Pegasus for a *manége* than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. In 1658 he published "La Méthode Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux." This was first written in English, and translated into French by a Walloon; and in 1667 another work was printed, entitled "A New Method and Extraordinary Invention to Dress Horses, and Work them according to Nature, as also to Perfect Nature by the Subtilty of Art." This second work, as the noble author informs his readers, "is neither a translation of the first, nor an absolute necessary addition to it, and may be of use without the other, as the other hath been hitherto, and still is, without this; but both together will questionless do best." It seems by the above, that to an English Duke we are indebted for the original idea so successfully carried out in our days by an American citizen, Mr. Rarey.

Some five-and-forty years ago, "going the rounds," as it was called, was a most fashionable amusement, and upon these occasions a party of gentlemen were conducted by a few of the Bow-street officers to all the sinks of iniquity in London. This pilgrimage to the haunts of the depraved was kept up after the new police force was established, but a few years ago was properly put an end to by the commissioners, who considered it to be an encouragement to vice. It appears, however, that under the auspices of this body, a party "high in social order" went the rounds of Whitechapel, where they witnessed scenes which have thus been described by a writer of bygone times :—

"In the days I speak of, a visit to St. Giles's was considered quite the right thing to do by the West-end fashionables; and accompanied by a party of choice spirits, and a small body of constables, I visited a beggars' gala. The assemblage, consisting of a numerous and splendid collection of those *sporters* on the *miseries of human life*, took place at the Hampshire Hog, near the church of the patron saint of the above-mentioned locality. A turkey, garnished with sausages, technically termed an alderman, hung in chains,

and a Yorkshire ham, ornamented each end of the table, which was also well set out in the centre. After the party had replenished and emptied their platters, almost to suffocation, the president roared out some flash song of the day, the chorus of which was taken up by the uproarious guests. They then toasted 'Success to trade!' and set in for a batch of downright drinking, punch being the order of the night, and humble gin quite out of the fashion, except a glass or two taken at intervals by some of the *ladies*, who, in excuse for being so low-minded, pleaded that use was second nature. After being pretty well primed -for we, as visitors, had given an extra bowl or two of punch—the fiddler struck up, and the *élégants* and exquisites of St. Giles's commenced *reel*ing, with more spirit, though rather less etiquette, than is observed at a ball in St. James's. A metamorphosis worthy of a pantomime then took place. The cripples tripped it on the 'light fantastic toe,' and the blind were restored to sight in a manner truly surprising. In the course of the evening the *decrease of charity* became one of the topics, and a street-sweeper gave us as an instance that he had been at work all day, and had only earned twelve shillings

legitimately, in addition to a small raid on pedestrians of three silk handkerchiefs, a watch, and a pocket-book."

The healthy, manly, athletic, active appearance, so conspicuous in our country gentlemen and yeomanry, is doubtless in a great degree to be attributed to the exercise which they are accustomed to take from their youth upwards in the invigorating sports of the field. The firm step, intelligent look, and cheerful countenance give evidence that they possess that most valuable of Heaven's gifts, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" In the freshness of early Spring, angling and racing hold out their pleasures to those of a calm or more excitable disposition. In Summer, when the earth is a mass of verdure—when the flowers are splendid in colour and delightful in fragrance —when the hedge-rows are garlanded with wild roses and honeysuckle—when the trout are snapping up the flies that swarm by the river side, boating, cricketing, fly-fishing, sailing, and archery can be had to perfection. In Autumn, when the wheat, the barley, the oats, the rye, glowing in many coloured golden hues, yield to the sickle of the reaper—when the purple heather blooms on the moors and the

hills—partridge and grouse shooting demand the sportsman's attention, to which pheasant, woodcock, hare, rabbit, and snipe are afterwards added. As Winter sets in, coursing and the chase succeed; and from Christmas to April, often to May, fox-hunting gladdens the heart of every lover of the "noble science," from the Meltonian on his four-hundred-guinea hunter, down to the young Oxonian or Cantab, who is satisfied to pay a couple of guineas for a broken-kneed animal, belonging to that class, so numerous both among bipeds and quadrupeds, described "as having seen better days." Even if King Frost holds his glacial reign, skating, curling, and sledging may be indulged in. Thus every month of the year has its peculiar amusements, and he must indeed be hard to please who, having the means and time, cannot enjoy the field-sports of "merrie England."

None of these sports are pursued with greater ardour than racing, and among the meetings of the month those of Chester occupy a very prominent place in the sporting world. These races are of great antiquity; for Mr. Lysons, in his "Magna Britannica," says there are some old articles of a race for two bells among the corpora-

tion records, the earliest of which was in 1512. In 1609 or 10, Mr. William Lester, mercer, being Mayor of Chester, and Mr. Robert Ambrye, or Amory, ironmonger, sheriff of the city, at his (the last-mentioned person's) own cost, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value, which bells he appointed to be run for with horses, "upon St. George's Day, upon the Roode Dee, from the new tower to the netes, there turning to run up to the Watergate, that horse which came first there to have the beste bell, the seconde to have the seconde bell for that year, putting in money and suerities to deliver in the bells that day twelvemonths." The other bell was run for the same day upon the like conditions. This gave rise to the adage of "bearing the bell." The bells and a bowl seem to have been brought down to the course with great pomp, as the following copy shows, carefully described from the original, among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum:—"The maner of the showe, that is, if God spare life and healthe, shall be seene by all the beholulders upon St. George's Day next, being the 23rd of April, 1610, and the same with more addytion to continew, being for the Kynge's crowne and dignitye, and the homage

to the Kynge and Prynce with that noble victor St. George to be continued for ever. God save the Kynge."

Then follows an account of a procession not very unlike the present Lord Mayor's Show, the only difference being that those who took part in it were all mounted on horseback, representing St. George, Fame, Mercury, Chester, Peace, Plenty, Envy, and Love. The bells double gilt, with the King's arms upon them, and the cup for St. George, carried upon a "sceptre in pompe," formed a prominent feature. The programme ended with the following notice:—"The maior and his brethren, at the Pentis of the Cittye, with their best apparell, and in skarlet, and all the orations (for each of the above-mentioned were to make orations) to be made before him, and seene at the High Cross, as they passe to the roodeye, whereby grant shall be runne for by their horses, for the II. bells on a double staffe, and the cuppe to be runne for by the rynge in the same place by gennt, and with a great mater of shewe by armes, and thatt, and with more than I can recyte, with a banket after in the Pentis to make welcome the gennt; and when all is done, then judge what you have seene, and soe speake

on your mynd, as you fynde. The actor for the p'sent.—ROBART AMORY."

The period of the year is now rapidly approaching when the king of the finny tribe—the salmon—may be taken in our rivers with the artificial fly. That fish is, indeed, thus taken during the Spring months; but this cannot be called legitimate sport, as it is then making its way to the sea, instead of returning fresh from it. The salmon taken then are worth nothing, being poor and unwholesome food; but in the month of July, or the beginning of August, the "fresh run fish," as they are called, are in the finest order. The salmon is the most shy of all the inhabitants of the running waters, and is therefore not only difficult to hook, but still more, when hooked, to land; and when it is considered that a fish of ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds' weight has to be brought to *terra firma* with a single piece of gut, it may be truly said to require no little art and ingenuity. Thus ninety-nine out of a hundred, who call themselves fishermen, and whose practice has been confined to live-bait fishing, would cut but a sorry figure at this kind of sport. To tyros and others who have never experienced the delight of a day's fishing north of the Tweed, or

on the banks of the Shannon, we would offer some little advice. The first requisite is, to procure the very best tackle that can be procured, at one of the best shops in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin. We have seen in many a shop-window rods long and stiff as halberts, and huge gaudy flies as little resembling real flies as an heraldic lion does the living denizen of the African forests. A rod, then, should be correctly tapered, in order that it may play well; and, with one that would almost bend to the Summer's breeze, a good fisherman will cast his flies lightly on the water, with a line three and four times the length of the rod.

The salmon when first hooked almost invariably darts quickly away, making short turns, and generally leaping several times out of the water. It is then that man's sagacity, not main force, must be applied :—

"Vis consilî expers mole ruit suâ."

For to drag a fish of eighteen pounds from his native element, amid huge stones and projecting rocks, or thickly-wooded banks, would require a line made of cable-wire and a rod of hickory wood. The length of the rod must, of course, be

guided chiefly by the breadth of the river for which it is required; but whatever its length may be, its shape and materials must be unaltered. With respect to flies, no fixed rules can be given, as to their fitness, for much will depend upon the depth or colour of the water, the point of the wind, the rapidity of the stream, the aspect of the sky, and a variety of other natural causes. In order to ensure success, it will be advisable to retain the services of some local follower of Old Isaak, who is thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the fish, the state of the elements, and whose experience tells him which are the most killing flies for every month during the season. The salmon is by no means a voracious fish, which accounts for its not seizing every bait that is placed before it with the avidity of a pike.

Hamilton, in his "Tour through Ireland," gives the following animated description of a wonderful dog who might with justice be called a salmon-pointer: "In riding from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway with some company, we had occasion to ford the river Bush, near the sea; and as the fishermen were going to haul their net, we stopped to see their success. As soon as the dog perceived

the men to move, he instantly ran down the river of his own accord, and took post in the middle of it, in some shallows, where he could occasionally either run or swim, and in this position he placed himself, with all the eagerness and attention so strongly observable in a pointer dog who *sets* his game. We were for some time at a loss to apprehend his scheme; but the event soon satisfied us, and amply justified the prudence of the animal, for the fish, when they feel the net, always endeavour to make directly out to sea. Accordingly, one of the salmon, escaping from the net, rushed down the stream with great velocity towards the ford, where the dog stood to receive him at an advantage. A very diverting chase now commenced, in which, from the shallowness of the water, we could discern the whole track of the fish, with all its rapid turnings and windings. After a smart pursuit, the dog found himself left considerably behind, in consequence of the water deepening, by which he had been reduced to the necessity of swimming. But, instead of following this desperate game any longer, he readily gave it over, and ran with all his speed directly down the river, till he was again sure of being sea-ward of the salmon, where he took post, as before, in

his pointer's attitude. Here the fish a second time met him, and a fresh pursuit ensued, in which, after various attempts, the salmon at last made its way out to the sea, notwithstanding all the ingenious and vigorous exertions of its pursuer.

"Though the dog did not succeed at this time, yet I was informed that it was no unusual thing for him to run down his game; and the fishermen assured me that he was of very great advantage to them, by turning the salmon towards the net."

CHAPTER VI.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING—SNIPE-SHOOTING—THE COMMON OTTER —TRAINING—GREEK GYMNASIA—A VISIT TO SOUTH WALES —TALLY — A HINT TO ANGLERS — PIKE POOLS — IN-DOOR AMUSEMENTS—THE DISCUS OR QUOIT—ENGLISH ARCHERS— THE LONG BOW.

THERE is something peculiarly exciting in woodcock-shooting, which may be met with early in this month, especialiy in Ireland, and a sportsman would rather bag half-a-dozen longbills than ten times that number of pheasants. I remember about twenty years ago being the envy of a shooting party at Cranford within twelve miles of London, in consequence of my having killed one of these highly-prized birds. It was nearly dusk when one was sprung, and, as the wood was very thick, I fired at random, not knowing at what I took aim. Great, then, was my surprise at picking

up in the snow a splendid woodcock, the only one that had been seen there for years.

The woodcock usually visits this country about the latter end of October. The time, however, is more or less advanced or retarded according to the wind and weather at the beginning of the Autumn. East and north-east winds, especially when accompanied by fogs, bring these birds of passage over in the greatest numbers. At their arrival on their first flight they drop anywhere, as well under high trees as in hedgerows, heath, and brambles; afterwards they take up their abode in coppices of nine or ten years' growth, and sometimes in those little shaws which, having been cut, are left to grow for timber. It is seldom that a woodcock is found in a young plantation. By taking up their abode, I do not mean to say that they remain in the same wood during Winter, for they seldom continue more than twelve or fourteen days in one place. Woodcocks stay here generally until the middle of March, although their departure, like their arrival, depends much upon the state of the weather. This bird rises heavily from the ground, and makes a considerable noise with his wings. When he is found in a hedgerow, or at the skirts of a wood, he fre-

quently only skims the ground, and then, his flight being slow, he is easily shot; but when sprung in a large wood, where he must clear the tops of the trees before he can take a horizontal flight, he sometimes rises very high, and with great rapidity. In this case he is a difficult bird to get at, from the turnings and twistings which he is obliged to make in order to pass between the trees. There is a species of spaniel used in this sport which gives tongue when the cock springs, or when he gets upon his haunt. These dogs are of a middling size, with short legs, and very strong. They must be hardy, able to bear severe work, disposed to go into covert freely, hunt briskly, and yet go very slow when upon scent. Two or three brace, well broken, may be used together, and they will find ample work in a large wood or thick gorse. In this sport it is essential to have good markers. With their assistance, if the wood is small, it will be difficult for a cock to escape; for it is a well-known fact that he will frequently allow himself to be sprung, and even shot at, four or five times before he will leave the wood to go to an adjoining one or hedgerow.

The woodcock breeds occasionally, not to say

frequently, in this country; in Scotland especially. The nest is placed on the ground in a dry warm spot among herbage, and is loosely fabricated of dead leaves, of the common fern principally, and unlined. The eggs, three or four in number, are pale yellowish white, blotched and spotted at the larger end with ash-grey, and two shades of reddish-yellow brown. When surprised, the old birds have been known to carry off their young in their bill and claws.

The *Scolopax gallinago*, or common snipe (the *Bécassine* of the French), is a well-known autumnal visitant to our marshes; but considerable numbers remain with us, retiring to the moors of the northern parts of England and to the Highlands of Scotland as Spring advances, in order to breed. Some few breed in the fenny lands of the midland and more southern counties. The jack-snipe is the smallest of the British species. Snipes always fly against the wind, and to the inexperienced sportsman are difficult to kill, on account of their swift movements; but if the "gunner" does not get flurried, and takes his time, he will find no difficulty in bagging a considerable number, as they will fall, if hit, with the slightest portion of shot. When the frost

sets in, these birds are to be found in great plenty in those places where the water lies open. From the nature of their bills they cannot feed in hard and strong ground, and therefore always select soft and muddy spots.

Perhaps, after woodcock and snipe-shooting there is no "gunning," as our transatlantic friends call it, to be compared with that of wild-fowl. The great difficulty of getting at the birds constituted the pleasure to the true English sportsman of the olden time, so unlike the modern one, who, since the introduction of the *battue*, has his game driven up to him, and destroys it very much after the fashion of shooting tame barn-door fowl. Give me the walk through the stubble after the nut-brown partridge, or through the gorse and closely-wooded covert after the gaudy pheasant, or ankle-deep in the marshes after the snipe and wild duck. A few hours of such labour sweetens the pleasure; and I leave the idle, pampered sportsman to enjoy the gratification of shooting for *book*, often blowing to pieces every hare and pheasant that comes within a few yards of one of his numerous murdering weapons, regardless of everything, so long as the game-book records the quantity, not

the quality, of his day's prowess. But as to the wild duck, windy weather—a north-easter—is always most favourable for shooting them, as the noise made by the rustling of the trees and movements of the reeds and rushes prevents your approach being heard. The best dog for this sport is a first-rate water-spaniel, one who takes well to the element, whether in a liquid or congealed state, as winged fowl, owing to their diving propensities, are difficult to retrieve.

These birds of passage arrive here in great flights from the northern countries, early in the Winter. Many of them, however, remain in our marshes and fens during the whole year, and breed there. The duck usually constructs her nest at the edge of the water, upon an elevated tuft of rushes, and begins to lay in March and April; her incubation is about a month, so that the young ones are generally hatched in May. Their wings grow so slowly that it takes three months before they can use them with proper effect. In the beginning of Autumn the pools are frequented by teams of wild-fowl, and the best method of shooting them is from a boat. The sportsman must be careful to make as little noise as possible, for the ducks will often, having

flown up, merely make an aërial circle, return in a little time, and again alight upon the pool. In Winter, during the frosty weather, you may watch them in the dusk of the evening, at the margins of the waters where they come to feed; and when the pools are frozen over, by selecting a spot where the ice is broken, you will be certain to fall in with no inconsiderable number of this web-footed race.

There is an amusement which of late years has not been carried on so much as formerly, except in particular counties of England: we allude to otter-hunting.

The common otter (*Mustela lutra*, Linn.) is, there can be little doubt, the *enhydris* of Aristotle and the Greeks, and the *lutra* of the Romans. It is the *lodra* of the Italians, *nutria* of the Spaniards, *loutre* of the French, *fisch-otter* of the Germans, *otter* of the Dutch, *utter* of the Swedes, *odder* of the Danes, and *otter* of the British. The natural food of this amphibious quadruped is fish, for the capture of which its frame is admirably adapted. The eyes are so placed that the least motion of the head brings them within view of the prey, and the entire frame-work of the animal, its short, fin-like legs, oary feet, and

rudder of a tail, enable it to make the most rapid pursuit, the swiftest turns, the sudden downward dive or upward spring. The short, close, fine fur keeps the body at a proper temperature, and the longer and outward hairs, directed backwards, enable it to glide beneath the surface noiselessly and speedily. The havoc made by otters in rivers and ponds is very great, for they will go on killing every fish that comes in their way, eating but a small portion of each. When fish is scarce, and it is pressed with hunger, this amphibious animal is known to have attacked lambs, sucking-pigs, and poultry. The period of gestation is about nine weeks, and the number of young produced varies from three to five.

The otter's places of refuge near rivers and lakes are in holes, or beneath the roots of trees. In many parts of England, otter hunting is still carried on with great spirit, and furnishes an exciting amusement. The hounds kept for this purpose, which are generally a cross between the harrier and terrier, should not only have good noses, but take the water freely; hence great care is necessary in attending to the breed, or an indifferent pack will be the result.

The subject of training, although usually

deemed of importance to jockeys, pedestrians, and pugilists, is of the most vital and general importance to all mankind. It may be termed the universal, the best, the cheapest doctor, and, if put into practice, would soon diminish the complaints of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, bile, indigestion, and other numerous diseases which afflict nearly one half of the human race. In the humid, foggy, cold, hot, and changeable climate of Great Britain, it is essentially requisite to all who would enjoy a good state of health and a green old age devoid of pain and excruciating torments. "Train up a child in the way he should go" is not more true of the youthful mind than of the body. With proper training in infancy, youth, and manhood, many would be saved that now fall victims to a premature death.

Training alone brings about hardihood; and the ancients were so well aware of the importance of exercise and temperance to ensure a healthy constitution, and, from the intimate connection of body and mind, to improve the latter also, that gymnastic sports were held in the highest repute, and the most glorious rewards and the greatest honours were paid to those who excelled

in them; and these were not confined to the victors themselves, but were held to shed a glory on their families, their friends, and their country. The Olympic crown, although composed of laurel or olive, was the most exalted mark of approbation that could be conferred; it being deemed beneath a brave free-spirited conqueror to attach a value to gold, silver, or other usual gratifications of a mercenary and ambitious soul. Yet, as the gymnasia were only a kind of initiatory or preparatory schools, to call forth the latent qualities of a great mind, that it might be afterwards employed for the benefit of the country, this reward was merely a pledge of the honours, privileges, and immunities which were afterwards to be the consequence of being publicly crowned, or, in other words, marked out as the distinguished object for further honourable employment. The gymnasia were the schools for statesmen and warriors; the wise, the brave, and politic Greeks, making even their sports and pastimes, as their religious exercises, subservient to the welfare of the general community. It was not until the time of the Romans, and among them in their declining state, that these public institutions degenerated from the rank of a liberal art to a

mercenary profession, embraced alone by the lowest and vilest part of society.

To prepare men for the business of war was the grand object of the Greeks, divided as they were into a number of small independent States, constantly embroiled with one another, and not even to be reconciled by the presence of overwhelming hosts of common enemies. To rear up a race of hardy warriors was the chief aim of these States; and by learning and practising the gymnastic exercises, their youth were inured to toil, and were rendered vigorous, strong, healthy, enterprising, and fearless. They were the trained bands of Greece, ever prepared for war on the slightest notice and on the least emergency. The Grecian mode of warfare required muscular power and agility to wield the long spear, as well as to enable their soldiers to make rapid marches and perform evolutions over a rugged country. It was, therefore, the opinion of that great oracle, Plato, that "every well-constituted republic ought, by offering prizes to the conquerors, to encourage all such exercises as tended to increase the strength and agility of the body." Is not this maxim equally applicable to our own countrymen, both as regards soldiers, sailors, and sports-

men? Ought not gymnastic exercises to be held of as much consequence among our islanders as with the Greeks?

Unhappily, training, as one of the main sinews of health and war, has been too much neglected by the moderns. This neglect has been indeed less injurious to Great Britain than to any other nation, because her sons, being all early inured to habits of industry and hardihood, whether as agriculturists or manufacturers, are more adapted from childhood to the purpose of war than those of any other country. Her armies are principally recruited from the cultivators and tillers of the soil, and even those from among the manufacturing classes are smiths, wheelwrights, sawyers, stone-masons, and others, whose trades keep their limbs in strong work, and in what may be termed half-training, which gives them that superiority of muscular power and advantage in the use of the bayonet. Within a few years a movement has been made in the right direction, and our recruits now go through a course of gymnastic exercises which has proved highly advantageous to them on foreign service; witness their prowess throughout the Crimean and China war, and the Indian mutiny. The officers

too have reaped the benefit of gymnastic instruction and manly exercises.

To the disciple of Isaak Walton, who wishes to pass a few weeks in rural retirement, we strongly recommend a visit to the village of Tally, a romantic spot situated in a most sequestered part of South Wales. It reposes as it were beneath the shelter of lofty mountains, and is celebrated for the remains of an old ivy-clad monastery. Close to the picturesque church which faces the ruin, appear two large pike pools, or tarns, surrounded by deep declivities, and forming marshes at the water's edge, where moor-fowl breed and the heath-flower blossoms. As the vast extent of water renders bank-fishing a futile employment, the fisherman must trust himself in a coracle, which will enable him to turn in any direction. The bait is a somewhat singular one, and may perhaps astonish the sporting *cognoscenti* in England. It is a huge artificial fly, constructed on the rudest principle, and so eccentric in shape as to set nature at defiance. Its length is about three inches, with a thick body formed of gaudy-coloured worsted, and wings of a jay's, or bright mallard's feather, fastened to two large hooks, such as are generally used in England for the

dead snap, but of course without lead. The rod is about four yards long, and attached to a strong whip-cord line of eighteen feet. The manner of throwing the bait is somewhat similar to trolling, except that the fish should be struck on the instant and landed at once.

As for the coracle, it merits an equally minute description. It is formed of wicker-work, covered with leather or canvas, and pitched so as to render it waterproof. In shape it is not unlike the baskets which may be seen at Covent Garden market, filled with fruit or vegetables; and fearful as is the thought that, when at sea, there is "only a plank between the mariner and eternity," how much greater must the feeling of awe be, when, instead of the wooden walls of old English oak, there is merely a slight willow framework. This small "craft" is merely large enough to carry one person, with his nets, gun, and rod, and is worked, canoe-fashion, with a paddle. It is circular, with a seat across the centre, for the greater facility of guidance. Wales appears to be the only place in which it is generally used, and its value to a poor fisherman is incalculable. With his coracle, his dog, and his fowling-piece, he traverses the swiftest rivers, shoots the rapids and waterfalls,

and then returns to his cottage with his boat on his back, his gun in his hand, and his trusty spaniel by his side. According to the village records, the larger fish resort to the centre of the pool; but there are some splendid pike to be found near the bank-side, and, even should the "patient angler" fail to fill his basket, his walk home will repay him for his disappointment.

The shortest cut to Tally is to ascend the steep mountain-path which overhangs the lake. As you wind along the ridge, the whole scene expands with picturesque loveliness. Barren hills rear their blue summits above and around you, below which the two pools lie nestled; while the small copse at the furthest side of the nearest lake resounds with the wild melody of the blackbird, the thrush, and the bullfinch. Never shall I forget the delight I experienced during my brief sojourn at this beautiful spot. There is not a heath-flower on the wild moor, not a streamlet in the valley, not a cypress on the mountain, that does not recall associations of intense happiness. The splendid orb of day, the breeze that wandered with the wild flowers, the moon that moved in silent majesty along the dark blue canopy of heaven, found me musing over the unparalleled

beauty of this tranquil spot. As I took my leave, the setting sun gave a softening colour to the landscape, and as it poured a mellow radiance through the time-worn arches of the monastery, it appeared like the spirit of friendship cheering the pillow of declining age. Most strongly do we recommend the tourist to visit South Wales, he will be amply repaid for his trouble. Nothing can exceed the hospitality of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery. At every rural inn he will have his outward senses gratified by the soft tones of the Cambrian harpers, while the inward man will be rejoiced by the simple but excellent fare that will await him throughout the Principality—fresh fish, new-laid eggs, and best home-fed bacon, with Welsh mutton in perfection.

Before we conclude our remarks on fishing, we cannot refrain from laying before our reader the following hint, which has been handed to us by an old experienced London angler, as invaluable for attracting the finny tribe to the spot where it is intended to try for them. He drills a hole through a large piece of soap-boilers' greaves, places a cord through it, and throws it in overnight at the place where he intends to fish the next morning. The stuff is so hard and firm that

it will not dissolve in cold water, yet attracts the fish in numbers, and keeps them nibbling—tantalising rather than satiating their appetites, as is not the case with grains and other loose bait, which tend to render them indifferent to the real bait. On the contrary, this method renders them so voracious that they seize and gorge the fatal bait the moment they perceive it. We have often seen this artful piscatory "dodger" produce from his basket such stores of fresh-water prey as to leave no doubt of his success and skill. That fishing-tackle has greatly improved of late years cannot be questioned, and artificial flies and fish have been brought to the greatest degree of perfection.

In-door amusements in our treacherous climate attract nearly as much attention as out-door sports; hence many of the latter have been introduced as recreations on a rainy day. Among them may be mentioned drawing-room curling, croquet, and quoits, which latter game was introduced by the Empress of the French during one of Her Majesty's entertainments at Compiègne. The game of quoits is an ancient and popular game. It is thus alluded to by the poet—

"The prizes next are ordered to the field,
For the bold champions who the cestus wield!

> Let him whose might can hurl this bowl arise—
> Who furthest hurls it takes it as a prize "

It was, however, played in quite a different manner from what it is in our day. The *discus*, or quoit, was usually made of stone, lead, iron, or brass, and was of so great a weight that Homer describes it as being too heavy to be carried from place to place in the hands, and was therefore supported upon the shoulders. The discoboli, in hurling the quoit, whirled it round in the air several times, almost horizontally, and he that flung it the furthest was the victor. Throwing the sledge-hammer and hurling the stone, which are still kept up in "bonnie brave Scotland," give one more idea of the ancient game than the modern quoit-playing. The pentathlum was the name given to five other games; and to win the prize it was necessary that the competitor should prove successful in the following exercises—wrestling, running, leaping, throwing the javelin, and discus. The quoits used for in-door amusement are made of India-rubber, and can be played either upon a table the size of a bagatelle-board, or in any long gallery or hall. One advantage they possess over out-door quoits is that they can be played by ladies, and we have

seen many of the fair sex throw the modern discus with a precision that would have done credit to one of Homer's heroes.

There is another ancient game we may touch upon, especially at this time of year, when every day brings us nearer the Spring:

> "Those who in skilful archery contend,
> He next invites the twanging bow to bend."

Homer gives a most graphic description of an archery meeting, a sort of Hurlingham pigeon match, between two crack shots, "experienced Merion and skilful Teucer," the Huntingfield and Heathcote of their day. The mark was a milk-white dove, tied by a cord to the top of the mast of a first-rate galley. The prizes were ten double-edged war-axes to him who divided the cord. The competitors drew lots, and Teucer, winning, got the first shot, dividing the cord with a single arrow. (If this is not shooting with a long-bow we know not what is). Merion then took a steady aim, and bagged the bird on the wing. The sports of the day wound up with hurling the dart, a game in which Merion also excelled. To those, however, who are interested in archery we would recommend a perusal of Hansard's work

upon the subject, which gives a thorough insight into the warlike and sylvan deeds of "merrie England" in the olden time.

After referring to so great a toxophilite writer, we almost shrink from offering any remarks of our own upon this graceful and innocent amusement. In ancient times the bow was the chief implement of war, and through the expertness of the bold archers has often decided the fate of battles and of empires. To an improvement of this weapon, termed the cross-bow, our hardy forefathers were principally indebted for their glorious victories at Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers. Hence the English archers became the most renowned in all Europe. Previous to the invention of gunpowder and fire-arms, the bow formed, and still remains, among many rude nations yet strangers to the new introduction, the principal weapon used in killing the wild animals of the forest and the birds of the air. The old ballad of "Chevy Chase" proclaims the feats of the bold outlaw, Robin Hood, and his merry men, with this their formidable weapon. It appears that the first use of the cross-bow was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. An act, made in the

fifth year of Edward IV., directs that every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England, shall have a bow of his own height of yew, ash, wych, hazel, or auburn; and that butts shall be erected in every township, which the inhabitants are to shoot at, every feast-day, under the penalty of a half-penny when they shall omit this exercise. Several other statutes were made in succeeding reigns for the promotion of archery, and in the eighth year of Charles I. a commission was issued by that king, to the chancellor, lord mayor, and several of the privy council, to prevent the fields near London being enclosed, "so as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting," and also to lower the mounds where they prevented the view from one mask to another. In 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury fields during the Easter and Whitsun holidays, when the best marksman was named captain, and the second lieutenant.

The exact time when the practice of using the long-bow in war commenced in this country is difficult to ascertain. That which the Normans used at the battle of Hastings was the arbalist

or cross-bow, a weapon which afterwards proved fatal to Richard I., who was killed by the French from the shot of an arcubalist, a machine which he often worked skilfully with his own hands. It was, however, in the use of the long bow that our countrymen became so celebrated. The king's balistarius, or cross-bow man, is often referred to by early writers; but from the reign of Edward II. the long-bow is the weapon mentioned in history and parliamentary statute. At Cressy, at Poictiers, and at Agincourt the victorious result, as I have already remarked, is ascribed to the British bow-men; and it is worthy of remark that at Cressy the rain which had slackened the strings of the Genoese bows, had not in the slightest degree weakened the effect of the bows used by our forces. In 1342 a complaint was made against the sheriffs of London, by Edward III. for permitting the citizens to give up the exercise of the bow.

In Rymer's "Fœdera," it is mentioned that a thousand archers were to be sent to the Duke of Burgundy, whose pay was settled at sixpence a day; a circumstance which, taking into con-

sideration the value of money in those days, proves the high estimation in which our English archers were then held. During the reign of "Bluff Harry" the use of the cross-bow was entirely forbidden, and a penalty of £10 was inflicted upon everyone in whose house such a weapon was found. By another statute, every father was obliged to provide his son with a bow and two arrows the moment he had attained his seventh year. It was a common saying that the British archers were the terror of Christendom, and their clothes the ornament. European nations have long ceased to use the bow in war, although the Turks still retain a corps who are armed with this weapon.

The Artillery Company of London are the remains of an ancient fraternity of bowmen, which was incorporated by royal charter in the reign of Henry VIII. This society was not only permitted to shoot at marks, but at all birds except pheasants and herons. The Royal Company of Archers in Scotland arose in the time of James I., and they still enjoy the privilege of acting as the Sovereign's body-guard within seven miles of Edinburgh.

A Royal prize is annually given by the Crown, for which this society, consisting of upwards of a thousand of the nobility and gentry of Scotland have the power to contend.

CHAPTER VII.

CRICKET AND CRICKET MATCHES — ANCIENT AND MODERN GYMNASTICS — POND-STOCKING — TRAMMELLING — FLY-FISHING — TRIMMERNIG — TACKLE — THE HAUNTS OF PIKE — DIBBING — ANECDOTES OF HUNTING — AN HONEST BEAST — EXTRAORDINARY ANGLING FEAT.

THE public now take much interest in the great school cricket-matches, and we own we are delighted to find that they do so. This country will rue the day when national games are discouraged, for it is to those pursuits that the hardihood and courage of Englishmen in the sister-services are mainly to be attributed. If anything could change our opinion upon this subject, it would be the sentiments deliberately uttered by one who for pungent wit, sound, sense, and strong mental powers cannot be equalled. Entertaining, however, as we do the highest respect for the memory of the writer,

the late Sydney Smith, we cannot bring ourselves to endorse the following remarks from his gifted pen: "There is a manliness in the athletic exercises of public schools," says Peter Plymley, "which is as seductive to the imagination as it is utterly unimportant in itself. Of what importance is it in after-life whether a boy can play well or ill at cricket; or row a boat with the skill and precision of a waterman? If our young lords and esquires were hereafter to wrestle together in public, or the gentlemen of the bar to exhibit Olympic games in Hilary Term, the glory attached to these exercises at public schools would be rational and important. But of what use is the body of an athlete, when we have good laws over our heads? or when a pistol, a post-chaise, or a porter can be hired for a few shillings? A gentleman does nothing but ride or walk; and yet such a ridiculous stress is laid upon the manliness of the exercises customary at public schools—exercises in which the greatest blockheads commonly excel the most — which often render habits of idleness inveterate, and lead to foolish expense and dissipation at a more advanced period of life."

As many of the youth of England are anxious

to devote their after-life to the service of their country, gymnastic pursuits must prove advantageous to them. Those, too, who select the more peaceful vocations of the church, the law, and the senate, will also feel that the possession of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" can generally be best secured by manly exercises.

So important were gymnastics considered by the ancients, that they were encouraged throughout the civilized world, and buildings set apart for these pursuits were everywhere to be seen. The first gymnasium is said to have been established by the Spartans; and the Athenians, ever disposed to add beauty to utility, deprived gymnastics of their rude military character, and gave them a more graceful form. The gymnasium, the name given to the public building, where the young men, naked, exercised themselves in leaping, running, throwing the discus and spear, wrestling, and the combat with the cæstus, was fully attended by the Spartan youth, and institutions of a similar nature found favour in the eyes of the Grecians and the Romans under the Cæsars. It is true that some improvement took place, as, in addition to mere corporeal

gymnasts, philosophers, rhetoricians, and teachers of other branches of knowledge assembled in the gymnasia, to promote mental education of the highest order. At Athens, there were five buildings devoted to physical and mental education, and among them the Academy, in which Plato taught, the Lyceum, where Aristotle reasoned, and the Cynosarge, the arena of Antisthenes' lectures. The ancients divided their gymnastics into gymnastica militaria, gymnastica medica, and gymnastica athletica, which were practised by professional athletes, and were held in bad repute, as being injurious to health and morals.

In modern times the art of gymnastics includes all bodily exercises systematically adapted to develop the physical powers, and preserve them in perfection; among them may be mentioned running, leaping, length and height, with and without a pole; vaulting, climbing poles, upright and slant, masts, ropes, and rope-ladders, throwing the cricket-ball, hurling stones, lifting heavy weights, wrestling, sparring, and swimming. We have included swimming, because we consider it an art in which all youths should excel; indeed, so important was it considered by the ancients, that the Greeks and Romans set a very

high value upon it. In Sparta, even the young women swam in the Eurotas; and a common phrase of contempt, which we translate, "He can neither swim nor write," was as familiar as household words.

March is the best time too for stocking ponds and stews, far preferable to Michaelmas. Pike take the trammel well at this period, as the water is usually turbid, and these voracious fish lie about reed beds and amid rushes, at the mouths of creeks, and by the side of eddies, where they are easily taken by running the nets round them, and then plumping the places with poles, which should have a small square piece of board fixed at the nether end. In trammelling, if there is reason to believe that a pike lies within your net, and will not take it, never remove the net until you have captured him; he will lie alongside the meshes for a quarter of an hour or more. With patience, and by running a fresh trammel round the former, plumping the place well, and removing the interior net, the pike may be reckoned upon at dinner that day. The trammel cannot be too loose, no fish will be bagged if the meshes are tightened. If anglers are not yet to be found in their accustomed nooks

by the brook-side, they need not be idle, as much time can be usefully devoted to looking over their rods, tackle, flies, lines, and landing-nets, preparatory to the April and May flies making their appearance.

There are unquestionably more grades in fishing than perhaps in any other sport in the world, and there is much difference between the punt-fisher in the Thames, who angles for dace and barbel, and the piscatorial artist who can catch a dish of speckled trout by his superior skill, with flies of his own manufacture, or the fly-fisher who on the banks of the Spey can kill a salmon of eighteen or twenty pounds. It was remarked by a great statesman, Charles James Fox, that were he allowed only two books in his retirement, Walton's *Angler* would have been one of them; and who can read his description of the scenery on the southern rivers without wishing to be his companion? There are few more pleasurable sensations than those created by the influence of a fine May morning, when you see the trout leaping about in all directions. Now your hands cannot move quickly enough to adjust your reel line properly, and, even when with nervous haste you have put all in readiness,

and cast your well-imitated fly gently over the stream, with what eagerness you watch the timid prey make a dart at the treacherous insect! with what disappointment you see him turn away! or when, perhaps, by a dexterous movement, you succeed in striking him, how cautiously do you baffle his struggles to escape, and with what self-exultation do you haul him with tender yet tight hand within the verge of your landing-net!

The two points most essential to constitute a first-rate fly-fisher are, judgment in determining where the fish lies, and dexterity in throwing over him. With regard to the first, let me observe that during a flood the large trout work their way against the current, and the finest will be found up to the very source, not only of the larger body of water, but even of the very smallest rivulets which contribute to it; or, to adopt the words of the poet Thomson, the fisherman cannot do better than "trace up the brooks high to their fount amidst the hills," and upon the next day, as the water subsides, fish downwards to the river's "more ample wave." In throwing the fly, it should be suffered to rest a few seconds when it reaches the water; but as

in this, as in all sciences, practice will be of more service to the learner than theory, I will content myself with a few general recommendations. To commence—the line should be as short as possible; it will not only be cast with greater precision and lightness, but by bringing you nearer your work, render it scarcely possible for a fish to rise without being hooked. When you see a fish rise, throw somewhat above him, having first waved your line over your head to bring it to its full length, and to give it the twist.

When you have succeeded in hooking him, if he is not above a pound weight, little care need be taken further than holding your rod so as to bring the butt a little forward, when the pliancy of the top will tire him almost directly. Never lay hold of the line with your hand, as by so doing you bring yourself too much in sight, and scare the fish, in consequence of which he darts away with all his strength, and not unfrequently escapes. The rod should be from twelve to thirteen feet long, and light enough to be easily used in one hand. The butt piece must not be hollow, as is often the case, for by being so it is not only more liable to break, but is unpleasantly

top-heavy, and invariably warps. The reel should be small, with a click, not a multiplier; the single has more power, and is less liable to be out of order. The line should have no silk in it, as hair is less likely to rot, and is more elastic and spongy. Twenty yards, except in very wide places, will be ample. For salmon, stronger tackle is required; a rod eighteen feet long and stiff, with a reel and line of proportional strength, and the foot-line of twisted gut, not hair, with one fly only, is indispensable in this noble sport. Before treating of the flies which come on in May, let me offer a few observations on that most destructive of all ways of killing fish —trolling.

I approve not of the method of putting on the minnow with the large hook and leaden cap, which has a clumsy appearance, and four fish out of every five are taken with the triangles attached to it, thus rendering the large hook unserviceable except to hold the bait. A better plan is to tie a triangle at the end of a link of gut, and, about three-quarters of an inch above that, a small hook; then close to that hook, to fasten with a very short bit of gut (about half an inch), a narrow round piece of lead nearly an inch

long. The lead ought to be pushed into the minnow's belly, and the small hook should be run through the under and upper jaw or lip. One of the hooks of the upper triangle should be fastened in his side or back, and one of the lower hooks stuck in the tail. The line must be strong, one swivel should be within six or eight inches of the bait, and if you have two, place the other at discretion. When fishing, take the minnow in your left hand, with a line of such a length that you may feel the spring of the rod, the elasticity of which will be sufficient to cast it with great precision, and with scarcely any exertion of the right hand. The minnow should be kept spinning, by drawing it steadily up or down stream, and care must be taken not to diminish or increase the motion when a fish is seen pursuing it, as the slightest change will inevitably cause him to turn back. The May-fly is one of the most beautiful of the whole tribe of insects; it makes its appearance usually about the last week of the month. To see the avidity with which fish devour them is a proof of their excellence in a piscatorial and gastronomical point of view. The black hawthorn, blue dun, and other flies too numerous to mention, are on

the water during May, and are well worthy of the angler's consideration.

Trimmering is as distinct and apart from fishing, in its common acceptation, as drag-hunting is from fox-hunting, boy's blackbird from woodcock shooting, or a donkey-race on the Ramsgate sands from the Doncaster St. Leger; still it may find a place in a work devoted to every sort of sport, especially as it often happens that the owner of a stream is anxious to make captive "the tyrant of the watery plains," either for his own dinner or that of a distant friend. Trimmering verges greatly on poaching, and is unquestionably the only certain way of killing a pike. To drag a water, although usually considered to be the easiest thing imaginable, is always attended with considerable labour, the weeds choking the net, and "snags" (as our transatlantic friends call the roots of trees) often breaking it, much to the delight of the finny captives. Trammelling is too limited to prove advantageous, for if the net is fixed across the stream, in a bed of weeds, or beside the sudden deeps where the shallows terminate, your labour is in vain, however much you may trust to chance for success.

Many contend that nothing is so killing as a

bow net, and there can be no doubt that, during the spawning months of February and March, nets set in the creeks and dikes adjoining large rivers will prove most efficacious. During the Summer months I have known great sport arise from a bow-net sunk in a bed of weeds, where a run has been cut through the middle of it: pike, perch, tench, carp, and eels, and all the better sort of fish being occasionally taken in it. And here I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from Daniels' *Rural Sports*. "In laying hook-nets," he says, "place them where the water gets tolerably deep from a gravelly scour. All other attractions are superseded by the arcanum of encircling a live fish brought from other waters in each hoop-net. Whether the old inhabitants approach the stranger out of vengeance or curiosity remains a mystery; but that they will run into the hoop-net to get at him, the compiler positively insists. It was a secret which an old gamekeeper would not impart until after being in his service many years. Old Jonathan always requested to have the management of the hoop-nets left to himself, and his plans (the above) always proved successful."

Trimmering and fishing are, as we have already said, far different: the one is a mode of catching

fish wherein skill forms no part; in the other everything depends on it. The season for trimmering is from the beginning of June to the end of October; but it is in its prime during the months of August and September. Pike are then more ravenous, and bite with greater temerity, than at any other period. Much has been written upon the particular quarter of the winds, and Walton, no mean authority, tells us

> "When the wind is south,
> It blows your bait into the fish's mouth;"

but true as the adage may be, we have seen splendid pike taken with the wind at east, north, and west. All that is required is plenty of wind; for in a calm serene day, with unruffled water, however numerous the fish may be, they will not take the bait. There are many contending opinions as to the best time for trimmering; many assert that from three until sunset is the favourite time for pike taking their food: we, however, consider that the early part of the morning is best, when, as Thomson, the poet of nature, says—

> "With quickened step
> Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
> And opens all the lawny prospect wide."

As to tackle, little need be said: they are to be procured at any fishing-tackle shop in town or country. The common twenty-yard line, wound on a roller, is the best that can be had. In trimmering, like poking the fire, every one fancies himself perfect, and each has a different way of setting his trimmers. Some fix the cork at such a distance from the bullet (which ought to be sufficiently heavy) as to leave the cork upon the surface, and the bait fish about eighteen inches under water: a better plan we consider is to fix the cork close to the wire, and to sink it together with the bait at mid-water.

A knowledge of the haunts of pikes in particular rivers will direct every frequenter of them where to fish; but in trimmering a large extent of water, where you are ignorant of the localities, the beginnings and terminations of large beds of weeds, and holes cut in the thickest parts of them, nooks and corners by the sides, and at the end of currents, the mouths of dikes and tunnels emptying themselves into the rivers, and particularly any deep quiet hole under the shade of osier holts or willows, are to be selected for setting your trimmers. In such cases the hook should be two inches in length and about an inch and

a-half in width at the extremities: while that part of the wire which is linked to the hook ought to be five inches, the other portion seven inches in length. A hook of this kind can seldom fail, for either it will be found deep-seated in the fish's gullet, or well fixed amongst the cartilaginous parts of his mouth and jaws. The wire, too, is sufficiently long to prevent the fish severing the line with his teeth. Roach and dace are considered the best baits; but as the former is the most lively of the two, it is usually preferred, although, for longevity, there is no difference between them. A gudgeon is an excellent bait for pike until the end of May. In conclusion, never catch your baits overnight for use the next day, as such baits are sickly, and will not prove "a dainty dish to set before the *pike*." By rising an hour earlier, and using grains for ground-bait, a few throws of the casting net will provide you with plenty of baits fresh and healthy.

Dibbing is resorted to in those rivers much crowded on their margins with trees and overhanging bushes, where it is very difficult, and in many places utterly impossible, to throw the artificial fly, with any prospect of success, from the banks. The angler should be provided with

a rod sixteen or eighteen feet in length, rather stiff than pliant, and a line sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a heavy fish, as it often happens that a landing-net cannot be used, owing to the height of the bank. Dibbing is very destructive both to trout and chub. The natural flies mostly used are the may, the oak, fern, and blue-bottle. Great caution must be adopted to evade the fish's sight. In very hot weather the finest fish lurk under the trees, moving gently round, watching the insects as they fall from the leaves. The rod and line should be quietly introduced through any opening that can be observed, where the line will not be likely to get entangled in the boughs or reeds. The fly should just touch the surface of the water, and its appearance may be made more deceptive by sometimes raising it a little distance from the water, and dropping it again on the surface. If a trout is near he will come boldly at the bait, but a chub will often cautiously eye it. It is then necessary to move the fly a few inches forward, and this, if well managed, is certain destruction. The rod should be held as nearly horizontal as possible, lengthening or shortening the line as occasion may require. The artificial fly, with a natural one on the point

of the hook, is sometimes used. Early in the morning and late in the evening are the best times to secure sport.

Although there are some writers of the old school who affirm that hunting is upon the decline, and that the "noble science" has degenerated since the days of Meynell, Corbet, Warde, Osbaldeston, Tom Smith, and Bellingham Graham, we are disposed to think that at no period since the 17th century, when fox-hunting first began to be considered as a national sport, has it been carried on with more spirit and liberality than in the present day. It is true that, since the introduction of the rail, hunting-men, have not devoted the whole of the Winter to the country, and therefore Melton, Leicester, Market Harborough, Bicester, Northampton, and other head-quarters of the chace, may occasionally during a frost be stripped of its followers, still on the first open morning, they will all be found by the cover's side.

In bygone days a journey to the Metropolis was a serious affair. In the first place, posting up to town in a chariot-and-four cost a considerable sum; and next, the time that it occupied was a great consideration. It often happened that

before the traveller had ensconced himself comfortably at the Clarendon, Limmer's, Long's, or Fenton's, a change in the weather had taken place, and the night was passed in anxiety, but if a thaw had set in, off the Nimrod rattled, so as not to lose a day's hunting. Under any circumstance, one day's sport was sacrificed, and perhaps on reaching Melton the frost had again set in. Now, by the aid of the telegraphic wire, the state of the atmosphere may be transmitted in a few seconds, and at a comparatively trifling expense a man can be in his saddle within a few hours from the time he has had a comfortable breakfast in London. Thanks to the liberality of the directors, extra trains are put on to suit the convenience of hunting-men. With regard to hunting establishments, nothing can exceed their magnificence, and to prove our case we have only to point out those of Melton, Belvoir, Berkeley, Petworth, Badminton, Rufford, Brocklesby, Raby, and Wynnstay: or the glories of the Allbrighton, Atherstone, Badworth, Bedale, Berkshire, Bramham Moor, Burton, Cotswold, Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Cleveland, Cottesmore, Craven, Devon, Durham County, Essex, Eggsford, Eddlethorp, Coventry, Fitzwilliam, Here-

fordshire, Heythrop, Holderness, Ledbury, Hursley, Ludlow, Hambledon, Hampshire, Hants, Monmouthshire, Oakley, Pytchley, Puckeridge, Shropshire, Southampton, Suffolk, Surrey, Vale of White Horse, Vine, Warwickshire, Wilts, Worcestershire, and York and Ainsty packs.

One or two anecdotes of hunting may here not be out of place. James I. preferred the amusement of the chase to shooting and hawking. Once when on a hunting party, near Bury St. Edmunds, he saw an opulent tradesmen who had joined the chase, "very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant that he eclipsed all the court." The king was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman; and being informed by one of his followers that it was "Lamme," he facetiously replied, "*Lamb*, call you him? I know not what kind of lamb he is, but I'm sure he has a good *fleece* on his back." His eldest son, Prince Henry, was very fond of a game called "shovel-board," a rude and simple game of billiards. At Littlecot Park there is a very fine shovel-board table, in admirable preservation, and evidently of very ancient date. But let us hark back to the chase.

More than seventy years have passed away

since the old Duke of Beaufort (great-great-grandfather to the present) hunted his fox into a peasant's cottage in Castle Combe, and killed him in the child's cradle. The woman had left her offspring in the cradle, and gone into the garden to dry clothes. An elder daughter meanwhile took the baby out. The hullabaloo soon came; the fox popped into the cradle; and there the hounds devoured him. The horrified mother rushed in—

> "She stood aghast,
> Fresh blood gouts meet her view;
> Blood, blood she found on every side,
> But nowhere found her child."

While in this agony of grief, she was overjoyed by the sight of her baby safe in the arms of her daughter.

Upon another occasion, after a burst of fifteen minutes, the fox got into cover, on the hill side over-hanging Castle Combe, and being hard pressed, traversed it two or three times from end to end. He then descended into a yard behind a tallow-chandler's house, and bounced upon a heap of potatoes, to the great discomfiture of the chandler's wife; from thence on to the roof of a pent-house, and so to the

ridge of the houses. Twice or thrice he crept along the whole length of the street, over chimneys and all. The horsemen thronged the narrow village; the men, women, and children were in a state of indescribable excitement; red coats, and blue coats, and green coats; grey horses, brown, bay, and chestnut; hounds baying, dogs barking, men shouting, old women screaming, for they remembered the story of the child and cradle; the amphitheatre of hills surrounding this beautiful place reverberating these sounds a thousand fold. In the meantime the fox was much blown, and finding no chance of escape, quietly dropped into the midst of his foes, and was soon anatomized.

An anecdote is told of a certain Scotch laird, who sold a horse to an Englishman, saying, "You buy him as you see him; but he's an *honest* beast." The purchaser took him home. In a few days he stumbled and fell, to the damage of his own knees and his rider's head. On this the angry purchaser remonstrated with the laird, whose reply was, "Well, sir, I told you he was an honest beast; many a time he has threatened to come down with me, and I kenned he would keep his word some day."

We have omitted an extraordinary angling feat which was performed by Robert Macalister, gamekeeper at Armathwaite Castle, Cumberland. While angling for trout immediately below Armathwaite Bay his fly was seized by a salmon, which, after a few preliminary rolls, took it into its head to sulk in one of its favourite lairs. In these circumstances Macalister was about to resort to the usual expedient of stirring him up with a volley of stones, when a fine trout, rising at one of his droppers, hooked himself, and made such a commotion that his mighty brother of the deep was quickly aroused from his slumbers. A most exciting struggle now began. Down the rough bay-stream rushed salmon and trout pell-mell, Macalister holding on like grim death all the while. Fortunately in the pool immediately below, the captives pulled up to take breath, and after some nice manipulation were both fairly brought to bank. The salmon proved to be eight pounds and a half in weight, and the trout one of the average-sized Eden trout. Such a feat, performed with a small rod and trout tackle, is not often recorded among angling incidents and experiences.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL FOOLS' DAY—ANGLING AND FLY-FISHING—BANKS OF THE COQUET—KILLING BAIT FOR TROUT—CURIOUS HORSE-DEALING TRANSACTION—RENTING GROUSE-SHOOTING MANORS—EASTER—GOOD SPORT A CENTURY AGO—MASTER OF THE ROYAL HOUNDS—SPORTSMEN OF OTHER DAYS—FENCING—WHIST.

APRIL is derived from the Latin word *aperire*, to open, and is so called because the surface of the earth seems opened, and fresh vegetation to spring from it during this month. April is the only month in the year that has a name given to it expressive of the appearance of nature, the rest being called after heathen deities or Roman emperors, or according to their place in the calendar. Since the reign of Numa Pompilius, April has been reckoned the fourth month of

the year. It was the "Aster-Monat" of the Saxons.

Though it is rather to be regretted that no custom or rule—

"Supplies
A day for making or for being wise."

we cannot enter upon this month without alluding to that day which is universally noticed throughout the kingdom, and which, until about a century ago, was distinguished in all almanacks as All Fools' Day. Whatever the origin of it may be, it is certain that on the morning of this day, from time immemorial, every one has liberty of exercise in his powers of hoaxing, and to indulge in every species of waggish drollery.

In Scotland the person who puts himself momentarily into the power of his facetious neighbour is called a "gawk," that being the northern expression for the most simple of all birds, the cuckoo. Hunting the gawk, then, is as much in vogue across the border as it is on this side of it. In France the person who is made the butt, is

styled "Un poisson d'Avril," supposed to allude to the mackerel, which is easily caught at this period of the year.

Now that the Winter is past, and the sun, rising early above the hills, re-animates exhausted nature, and cheers it with all the beauties of Spring, the fox-hunter must content himself with foregoing his sport for a season, exchanging the joyous sensations of the chase for the more quiet pursuits of the fisherman. No longer does the anxious mind of the fox-hunter dwell upon the sport of the morrow, casting a look at the setting sun and the vane of the weathercock, to ascertain whether frost is likely to make its appearance during the night, or the southern breeze still to continue to blow. No longer does he rise from his downy pillow at early morn, to ascertain whether a fall of snow has taken place during the night, or the trees are glittering with crystal drops. Hounds and horses, foxes and hares, will probably not regret the approach of Spring—the two latter especially, who during the Winter have been rather unmercifully treated. Now they may all repose in peace, the wily animal no longer fearing an excursion to the poulterer's,

nor the timid hare a visit to her next-door neighbour. Hounds, too, may slumber on their benches, enjoying the luxury of idleness, and hunters may nod in their stalls to their hearts' content.

Angling and fly-fishing may now be indulged in, and, among other localities, we would recommend a visit to the banks of the Coquet, which are more frequented by the angler than any other of the Northumbrian streams. To all, whose vocations will permit them to pass a week or two in this charming spot, we would name Weldon Bridge as a first-rate quarter. In the days of posting and coaching, the Edinburgh mail conveyed its passengers to Newcastle in about eight-and-twenty hours, from whence the follower of old Izaak Walton generally commenced his piscatorial pursuits, for both to a fisherman and a lover of the picturesque, there was much to be seen between Newcastle and Weldon Bridge: Gosforth House, belonging to the Brandling family, the entrance to which is one of the most beautiful in England; Blagdon, the seat of the Ridleys, which, through the ingenuity of "Capability Brown," is not visible from

the road — clumps of trees and plantations hiding every nook, corner, and chimney of this mansion.

About a mile from Blagdon the road crosses the small river Blythe, a trout stream of considerable repute. The fish caught here are much higher coloured when opened than those taken in the Coquet, which are generally very light. At Morpeth the antiquarian may visit the old Court-house—a humble specimen of art designed by the architect of Blenheim, Sir John Vanburgh; and about five miles further he will cross Long Horsley Moor, a favourite cover of the Northumberland Hunt, and pass near the race-course. Although this part of the country is uncultivated and barren, the view on a clear day is very grand. To the south may be seen the Gateshead Fall, in Durham; while to the eastward is perceived the sea stretching from Coquet Island to the mouth of the Tyne. To the north, Rimside Moor displays its wild front; and a little to the north-west the craggy hills of Lordid's Haws stand conspicuously forth, while further in the distance the cloud-capt Cheviot is visible to the eye.

The tourist who delights in the songs and traditions of the North, must linger awhile in the village of Long Horsley, formerly the property of the Widdringtons, renowned in border story from the gallant deeds of the Squire who,

> "When his legs were smitten off,
> Then fought upon his stumps."

And within two miles from the last mentioned place is Weldon Bridge, the usual head-quarters of all lovers of the angle.

At the present time, instead of wasting more than a day upon the road, the traveller can be conveyed comfortably to Newcastle in seven hours and a half, or to Coldstream under ten hours, where he is within an easy distance of the bridge.

Arrived there, he will find an excellent inn, and, if he is not provided with tackle of his own, the landlord will not only furnish him with every requisite, but direct him to the spots most likely to afford sport. The banks of the Coquet in the neighbourhood of Weldon are very picturesque, especially when ascending the stream. On the north side the ruins of Brinkburn Priory

appear, while on the south may be seen steep and precipitous banks clothed with hanging woods. Here are some of the best pools, where, towards evening, the expert angler may take a genuine speckled burn trout, and find amusement to his heart's content. About mid-way between Brink burn and Weldon Bridge, where the stream widens and becomes more shallow, especially when the waters are high and discoloured from recent showers of rain, excellent sport may be had, and a skilful craftsman may calculate upon filling his creel with trout more than sufficient for his dinner and breakfast. In short, let the angler either proceed up the stream to Rothbury or down it to Fetton, and he can scarcely fail, if the weather is propitious, to enjoy a most delightful day's amusement.

Having now touched briefly upon the localities where the fish are to be found, let us proceed to say a few words as to the best manner of taking them. A light, well-dressed fly, a clean line, and a taper rod, are indispensable. The red hackle, known in the south as the red palmer, is a very good bait. From the middle of April to the middle of June, if it is an early Spring, and the weather is warm and clear, the yellow May-fly

will attract many a bright trout. The green and grey drake, more especially the latter, are killing baits, and a small fly, well known to every fisherman on the Coquet, is admirable when there is a slight breeze upon the water, and under such circumstances may be advantageously used from April to October. A half-fly, dressed similar to the red hackle, with the hook pointed with a cob bait, will often, when the weather is cool, tempt a trout to bite when other baits have failed; and on a cloudy day, when the water is muddy, a brandling worm can be tried with every prospect of success. Many of the fishermen who resort to the Coquet follow the example of their great theoretical and practical master, Walton, and occupy their leisure hours in producing Piscatorial Idylls.

A curious horse-dealing transaction is narrated in the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, wife of the ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid in 1665. The anecdote is not only characteristic of the age, but it offers a lesson to purchasers of horses as salutary in the days of Queen Victoria as in those of the Merry Monarch. "Mr. Camden speaks much in praise, as you may see, of Sir Henry Fanshawe's garden

of Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, none excelling it in flowers, physic-herbs, and fruit, in which things he did greatly delight; also he was a great lover of music, and kept many gentlemen that were perfectly well qualified both in that and the Italian tongue, in which he spent some time. He likewise kept several horses of *manége*, and rode them himself, which he delighted in, and the prince would say none did it better. He had great honour and generosity in his nature; and to show you a little part of it, I will tell you this of him. He had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with, and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would. He replied, 'My Lord, I have no thoughts of selling him, but to serve you. I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him; as that shall be my price to you, as I paid, being sixty pieces.' My Lord Exeter said, 'That's too much; but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty.' To which he made no answer. Next day my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces. Sir Henry made answer, that was the price he paid, and once had offered him my lord at; but not being accepted,

his price now was eighty. At the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces. Sir Henry said that, since my Lord would not take him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces, and if he returned with less he would not sell him at all. Upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces, and had the horse."

The hunting season being nearly over, every sportsman will be on the look-out for amusement during the Summer and Autumn months. While some are ordering their yachts to be fitted out, and others preparing to earn equestrian laurels on the Turf, not a few are already making inquiries for moors in Scotland, where they may retire to brace their somewhat enervated constitutions amongst the heather-clad mountains and bracing air of the Highlands, after the suffocating heat of the "House," and the fatigues of a three months' season in London.

Although personally I have had no experience in treating for a grouse-shooting manor, I have gleaned from a variety of friends some valuable information upon the subject, which I trust will not be unacceptable to the reader, and to those

who trust for an Autumn's amusement to the exaggerated description of a 100,000-acre manor, as puffed off in a country newspaper, and who are induced to occupy the supposed treasure at a high rent, through the recommendation of some interested and rapacious owner or agent. Many instances could be named where a party of English sportsmen have, from such descriptions, taken moors, paid down two or three hundred pounds rent, forwarded their dogs, guns, baggage, servants, and stores for the campaign, and, on arriving themselves, have found the moors so destitute of game that they have retraced their steps south without killing, perhaps, a brace of birds. The first consideration is, the sort of manor required—whether for a party of bachelors, a couple of friends, or for a quiet married sportsman, anxious to be surrounded by his wife and children: for it must be evident that the manor that would suit one would not be available to the others. Having arranged the party, let an application be made in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other large towns, through a respectable agent, for an account of all the "shootings" to be let; and having selected a few that sound well, inquire the particulars, as

to game and accommodation, from the proprietor or his agent. Should the answer prove satisfactory, apply, as a further precaution, to the last occupant, to one who shot over the adjoining manor the previous season, or to a sporting resident who knows the ground and the probable quantity of game to be expected. This accomplished, let one of the party, or a trustworthy friend, be despatched to the manor, with instructions (after a thorough investigation, and when all is found to be satisfactory) to close the bargain for a certain number of years.

It is hardly to be expected that a man who rents a manor for one year can, upon taking possession, be satisfied with it; for the chances are that his predecessor has shot down a good deal of game, and not spared sufficient for the ensuing year's breed. From all, then, that I have heard, I strongly advise a lease of as many years as may be useful to the parties; and should circumstances occur to make them wish to relet it, a knowledge that the game has been and is being preserved, will ensure a good temporary sub-tenant.

Having secured the manor, arrangements must be made for the "creature comforts" of the

lessees, as well as for the protection of their property. Many of the Highland manors are far distant from towns and villages; and, therefore, a stock of provisions, ammunition, wines, spirits, dogs, drugs, writing materials, and books should be laid in, so as to save the "gilly" a walk of some ten or twenty miles, to procure a common necessary of life. It will also be absolutely necessary to place some Southern gamekeeper, or a Northern one in whom you can place confidence, to superintend the other keepers in preserving your game from those ruthless poachers who are to be found throughout the United Kingdom, and from whom the land of mountain and flood is not exempt.

With the above precautions, and a determination not to invite more guns than there is game for, an English sportsman, whether a cormorant for sport, or a quiet, old-fashioned shot, who will be satisfied with five or six brace of grouse and a few hares, will find ample amusement in the Highlands, not alone with his gun, but in exploring a country immortalized in almost every nook and corner by the graphic pen of the Scotch historian, the "Magician of the North," or the peasant-poet, Burns.

In conclusion, let me recommend every Southerner who takes a moor in the North to provide himself with a pony or two. They will be found extremely available, not only as far as pleasure is concerned, but in the event of emergencies arising, illness, accidents, or anxiety to send or receive letters, will prove a truly valuable appendage.

Easter time is the period when the numerous gatherings of the humbler classes take place for wrestling, quoit playing, and a pedestrianism, and a brief record of walking feats may not be out of place. A feminine pedestrian exploit, which took place at Leamington in May, 1820, is thus noticed in the *Spa Courier:* "Last week a female, apparently about seventeen years of age, not content with her sex's rapid movement of one member, resolved to compete with the lords of the creation in the exercise of the feet as well as the tongue, and succeeded in accomplishing the arduous performance of walking forty miles a day for six successive days, which she completed last Saturday night. The ground chosen was from the Punchbowl Inn, on the Butts, Warwick, through Leamington, five miles out and back again, which she traversed four

times a day. The self-imposed task was not for any wager, but merely for such remuneration as a generous public might bestow; and, notwithstanding the influx of visitors attracted by Warwick Races, we believe she acquired little beyond the fame of her exploit, the public wisely discouraging an abandonment of useful labour for the vagabondising habits of a female pedestrian. She is, we hear, a native of Birmingham." In giving the above *verbatim* from the *Leamington Spa Courier*, one of the best provincial newspapers we know, we do not endorse the ungallant saying of the writer, who, we think, might have selected a milder phrase to apply to the female sex. By this we do not mean to say that pedestrianism forms part of woman's vocation; but as men often leave theirs to stand behind the counters as measurers of tape, silks, and satins, we ought not to be too severe on those of the feminine gender who wish to emulate the deeds of Barclay of Ury, Deerfoot, and other great pedestrians.

To show what our ancestors deemed good sport, we quote the following extract from a sporting diary kept by a celebrated lover of the noble science, dated December 1st, 1775: "The hounds

of Sir Charles Turner Bart., of Birkleatham, hunted at Aureyholm Woods, near Haworth, and found the noted old fox Cæsar, who made an extraordinary chase. After a round of four miles he led to Sneaton, through Hornby and Appleton, then back again to Hornby, Worsell Moor, Piersburg, Limpton, Craythorn, Middleton, Hilton, Newton, Marton, Ormsby, then upon Hambleton, through Kirkleatham Park, Upleatham, Skelton, Kilton. Sir Charles Turner tired three horses. Robert Colling, Esq., of Haworth, was the last and only horseman who called off the hounds that started when they first found the fox. Near five o'clock in the afternoon there were only three hounds in pursuit, one of which was bred in the month of January before. The chase was upwards of fifty miles! In the previous year Sir Charles made a match with the Earl of March for 4,000 guineas a-side, to be performed on the Fell near Richmond. The conditions of the match were that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take thirty leaps, each leap to be one yard, one-quarter, and seven inches high. Sir Charles performed it upon a galloway, to the astonishment of every person present, in 46 minutes and 59 seconds."

Again, we find from the journal of an old Meltonian the following description of a run in November, 1794: "On Wednesday, Mr. Meynell's hounds had one of the severest runs from Ashby Pastures ever remembered in this country. The whole was one continued burst of an hour and fifty minutes, without the interval of a single check, notwithstanding the change of a fresh scent after about the first hour. As it was not end-ways run, the huntsmen and three or four others, who had skirted with judgment, came up just after the fox was killed; but the only four people who lay well with their hounds throughout were Messrs. Cholmondeley, Forester, Morant, and Sir Harry Featherstone, and their horses were all very much distressed at the end. The rest of a very numerous field were completely beat from the first, and never made their appearance at all. The unrivalled superiority of the hounds was as remarkable in their carrying so fine a head during every part of such a severe race as it always is in a cold hunting chase."

To show the difference that exists between the master of the Royal hounds in the reign of Queen Victoria and the same officer in the time of the ancient Kings of Wales, we give the following historical record:

"In the hunting-season he was entertained, together with his servants and dogs, by the tenants who held lands in villeinage from the king. Hinds were hunted from the middle of February to Midsummer, and stags from that time to the middle of October. From the ninth day of November to the end of that month he hunted the wild-boar. On the first day of November he brought his hounds and all his hunting apparatus for the king's inspection, and the skins of the animals he had killed in the preceding season were divided according to a settled proportion between the king, himself, and his attendants. A little before Christmas he returned to the court, to support his rank and enjoy his privileges. During his residence at the palace he was lodged at the kiln-house, where corn was prepared by fire for the dogs. His bugle was the horn of an ox, valued at one pound. Whenever his oath was required, he swore by his horn, hounds, and leashes. Early in the morning, and before he put on his boots, and then only, he was liable to be cited to appear before a court of judicature. The master of the hounds, or any other person who shared with the king, had a right to divide, and the king to choose. It was his duty to ac-

company the army on its march with his horn, and to sound the alarm and the signal of battle. His protection extended to any distance which the sound of his horn could reach. The laws declared that the beaver, the marten, and the stoat were the king's, wherever killed; and that with the furry skin of these animals his robes were to be bordered. The legal price of a beaver's skin was stated at ten shillings."

All sporting men are aware of the wonderful sagacity of a hound belonging to the late Lord Fitzhardinge, and I now record a case of a similar character that occurred in the pack of a huntsman of 1793:

When Mr. Smyth (known among sportsmen by the familiar appellation of Old Joe Smyth), and Mr. Taylor kept their fox-hounds at Whinwick, in Northamptonshire, they used sometimes to go for a fortnight's hunting to Lutterworth in Leicestershire. On one of these expeditions, it was judged prudent to leave a favourite hound, called Dancer, at home, on account of his not being quite sound. Their first day's hunting from Lutterworth produced an extraordinary chase, in which hounds and horses were so tired that it was deemed necessary to stop that night

at Leicester. On returning the next day to Lutterworth, they were told that a hound of a certain description, which was known to be Dancer, had come thither soon after their going out the preceding morning, and quietly waiting till towards the evening, had then shown signs of uneasiness, and in the morning disappeared. It was, of course, concluded that, disappointed of finding his companions where he expected, Dancer had returned to the kennel at Whinwick; but what was the surprise and concern of his masters, on returning home, to hear that he had come back from Lutterworth, stayed one day at home, and then disappeared! Every possible inquiry was made, and at length it was discovered that, not finding the pack either at Lutterworth or Whinwick, Dancer had proceeded into Warwickshire, to a Mr. Newsome's, where the hounds had been for a week some months before. The exercise of a reasoning faculty, beyond instinct, in the brute creation, was perhaps never more strongly exemplified than in this instance.

The present generation of sportsmen is as different from those of the last generation as gas is to oil, railway to coach-travelling, or the Great Eastern to the Margate hoy. We need not

enumerate the qualities of a squire of our days, but we may give those of one of the last age.

The country squire of Fielding's time, the independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without top-boots. His time was principally spent in hunting, shooting, or angling. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the neighbouring market-town, with the attorneys and justices, and from thence he generally returned *Bacchi* and "backy" *plenus*. The squire went to church regularly on a Sunday, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the next ale-house, where he usually got mortally drunk. He never played at cards except at Christmas, when a family pack, much fingered and thumbed, was produced from the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view halloo. His drink was generally ale,

except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the North Pole, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, striped with timber, called callimanco-work; or of red brick, large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks; among the out-offices of the house a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his dogs. Near the gate was a large wooden horse-block, for the convenience of mounting. The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the good broad-sword, partizan, and dagger borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags'-horns. Against the wall were pasted King Charles's golden rules and an almanack. In his window lay "Baker's Chronicle," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Glan-

vil on Witches," "Quincey's Dispensatory," "Bracken's Farriery," and the "Complete Sportsman." In the corner by the fireside stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a large glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs, while he recounted exploits in hunting, related who had been the best sportsman of his time, and told and listened to hereditary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of old October home-brewed ale was in continual circulation. The parlour, which was never opened except on particular occasions, was furnished with Turkey-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors (which he valued as much as Charles Surface did that of his uncle Noll), running-horses, and hunting pieces.

Among the amusements of the Summer months, no game has kept up its popularity more than cricket. Matches, however, and the way of playing them, are very different from what they were during the last and early part of the present century, for we read the following:

"What was termed a slave and slave cricket match, and which from its length had a claim to that title, took place at Lord's Cricket Ground, June 3rd, 1793, between Brudenell, Esq., heir to the Cardigan Estates, and Welsh, Esq., for 50 guineas. The following was the result:—

FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls	Hits	Runs
Brudenell, Esq., b Welsh, Esq. .	50	34	29
SECOND INNINGS.			
Brudenell, Esq., b Welsh, Esq. .	22	13	14
	—	—	—
	72	47	43

Welsh, Esq.:

FIRST INNINGS.

Welsh, Esq., b Brudenell, Esq. .	54	23	9
SECOND INNINGS.			
Welsh, Esq., b Brudenell, Esq. .	84	47	26
	—	—	—
	138	70	35"

About this period almost every match of cricket was for 1,000 guineas, seldom less than 500 guineas, and in the season of 1794, we find eight matches of 1,000 guineas, and five of 500 guineas; amounting to 10,500 guineas. That was "keeping up the ball with a vengeance!"

The following extract will prove that the game of cricket is of ancient date:—

"In the Wardrobe Account of the 28th year of King Edward the First (A.D. 1300), published more than sixty years ago by the Society of Antiquarians, among the entries of money issued for the use of his son, Prince Edward, in playing at different games, is the following item: 'Domino Johanni de Leek capellano domini Edwardi fil ad creag et alios ludos per vices, per manus proprios, apud Westm. 10 die Aprilis.' It is remarked in the preface that there is no word in the glossaries that comes near the sense of a game, in which 'creag' could have been used; but some light may be thrown upon it by the following extract of a letter from Mr. Maurice, jun., to Mr. Roger Gale, dated May 13th, 1743, and printed in Biblioth. Topog. Britan.: 'On discourse of plays, observing that the instrument used thereat generally gives the denomination to the game, and recollecting all I could of the ball-plays used by the Greeks and Romans, and consulting Ballinger "De Ludis Vet.," Rouse, Godwyn, and Kennet, find nothing of cricket there—a very favourite game with our young gentlemen. I conceive it a Saxon game—"cricce," a crooked club, as the bat is wherewith they strike the ball; as billiards I take to be a Norman pastime, from the "billart,"

a stick so called, from which they do the like thereat.' The variation of 'creag' from 'cricce' is certainly not very great; and, considering the long lapse of time, cricket cannot be deemed an extraordinary corruption of either of those words. Is it not, therefore, a probable conclusion, from the above-cited article in the Wardrobe Accounts, that cricket was an old English game; that, almost five hundred years ago, it was nearly so denominated; and that then it was a favourite pastime with the Prince of Wales. Nor is it unlikely that John de Leek, his Highness's chaplain, might be his play-fellow.

"Another authority—Mr. Barrington—has suggested that, in a proclamation of Edward III., A.D. 1363, cricket is alluded to under two Latin words denoting the ball-and-bat sport; as also in stat. of 17 Edward IV., A.D. 1474, by the pastime of 'hand yn and hand out.'"

As gymnastics and the use of the broad-sword and lance are the order of the day, it may not be out of place to refer to a science that was once highly patronized in this country; we allude to the use of the small sword and foil.

Fencing, when practised as an amusement, and not with a view of learning an art by which a

fellow-creature's life may be taken away, is a healthy and manly recreation, as it gives a becoming gait, an easy carriage, agility, grace, and dignity. The use, then, of the weapon for the above reasons is highly commendable; the abuse of it most reprehensible, and fully merits the lines of the satirist:—

"A man, in his full-tide of youthful blood,
All for arms, and for his country's good:
Urged by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice;
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made."

It is difficult to ascertain when fencing was first introduced into England, but the earliest work in our language was published in London A.D. 1595, the author of which tract, Vincentio Saviolo, dedicates it to the Earl of Essex, who was at that time on the highest pinnacle of royal favour. Another work, from an uncompromising rival, who was jealous of Saviolo, was published in 1599, also dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Silver, the author, is extremely bitter in his remarks on his rival's treatise, and speaks of it in the following contemptuous terms:—"He set forth in print a booke for the use of the rapier and dagger, the

which he called his 'Practice;' I have read it over, and because I finde therein neither true rules for the perfect teaching of true fight, nor true ground of true fight, neither sense nor reason for due proofe thereof, I have thought it frivolous to recite any part therein contained." A century had nearly elapsed before another work appeared upon the subject. This was called "The Compleat Fencing Master," by a canny Scot, Sir William Hope. "The Swordsman's Vade Mecum," followed two years afterwards (1694), in which the writer most irreverently compares the noble art of defence with the sublime science of divinity. We are informed by this truly "bloody-" handed baronet, that an attempt was made to form an "Incorporated Society for Fencing, in Scotland, under Royal Authority," which proved unsuccessful; previous to this an association was entered into by several noblemen and gentlemen in Edinburgh for the encouragement of the sword.

In 1705, Henry Blackwell published "The English Fencing Master," but there is nothing worthy of record in this work; not so as regards "L'Ecole des Armes," by Mr. Angelo, which appeared, both in French and English, in

1763, and which added greatly to the reputation of its author, who had already established himself as a first-rate master. The plates are truly artistic, and the explanations accompanying them are concise and simple. Other treatises have been produced, but they can hardly be said to come under the denomination of standard volumes. Early in the present century it was the habit of the rising English nobility and gentry to learn the art of fencing; but like many other old customs, it has ceased to be observed. Angelo's popularity kept it alive for a long time, but it is now no longer looked upon as one of the fashionable accomplishments of "Young England."

As the season has not yet arrived for Summer strolls after dinner, and the evenings, especially in the country, are long enough for indoor recreation, I do not think that a few remarks upon one of the most popular amusements will be here out of place, especially as under our title every species of sport is included. During the time which in penny-a-line language is denominated "the festive season,"—*Anglicé*, Christmas time—all thoughts are naturally turned to home scenes, to the meetings of families and dear

friends, to blazing logs, roast beef, plum pudding, and good fellowship. *The* sport of that "festive season" is, as far as the young folks are concerned, under the mistletoe bough. What scrambling, what romping, how many "*digiti male pertinaces*"—"pertinacious male fingers," as a "blue" friend of ours translated it the other day—do not the rising generation call to mind!

Now, albeit Christmas has passed away, the pleasure of whiling away an evening in some kind of amusement still exists. Perhaps there is "some music," or somebody "gets up a little dance," and everybody does his best to contribute to the general harmony. The "old fogies," as they are irreverently called by the fast young men, whose "dancing days are over," prefer may-be to make up a rubber. Why whist should be the occupation only of the elder branches has always puzzled me. A good rubber exercises the highest faculties of the mind; to play well requires good observation, inference, memory, judgment; surely this is no bad intellectual training for the rising generation. There is really nothing in the way of amusement over which people waste so much pleasure (which they

might if they chose easily enjoy) as over the game of whist. Paterfamilias may perhaps remember every card that is out, and he is a famous hand at "blowing up," as it is technically termed, materfamilias; but this respectable head of the family labours under the delusion that all that is necessary to constitute a whist-player is to sit with three other persons at a square table covered with green cloth, to deal out spotted bits of card, and to play them one by one into tricks. This is playing at "playing whist." Of the requirements of the game, and of its science, the venerable bald-headed gentleman opposite to you knows little and cares less, quite forgetting that whist is a science, and like other sciences requires to be studied. Though it is a recreation its principles require to be learned. It is true that the raw material exists in abundance, but rough whist diamonds are not to be cut into brilliants without trouble, any more than other diamonds. The necessary polishing apparatus is easily procured, by referring to the able treatises of Cavendish and Baldwin, which added to practice with good players will soon unfold the science of the game.

Apropos of the laws of whist, it is now settled

that the new code sent forth some years ago by the Arlington and Portland clubs is to be the law of whist. Hoyle, after a reign of a hundred years, is superannuated, and all the London and many country clubs have adopted the club code. Indeed, these laws have made quite a stir in the whist world, and even the *Times* deemed it necessary to notice them. This mighty organ of the press made a statement which led to some correspondence, to the effect that Cavendish and Hoyle were contemporaries. The leading journal, however, handsomely explained that Hoyle and Cavendish were only coupled out of equal respect for their authority, and that it was not intended to imply that Cavendish, who adopts the new code, was "one of the ancients."

CHAPTER IX.

MAY-DAY—RACING IN EARNEST—SHOOTING—YACHTING—FISHING SEASON IN SCOTLAND—TBE RIVER DEE—SOLWAY FRITH—ORIGIN OF CRICKET—PADDING—FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB—COACHING AND COACHMEN—PISCATORY PURSUITS IN MAY—TWO NOBLE DUKES—ROOK-HAWKING—EPPING HUNT.

MAY-DAY has been celebrated from the earliest ages as a kind of Nature's birthday. The morning of the seasons, the youth of the year, the dawn of beauty on every side, is again before us; and notwithstanding the innovations, and the havoc the march of intellect has made with the good old customs of our ancestors, it is probable that, in the country at least, amid the bursting of buds, the blossoming of trees and shrubs, the bloom of flowers, the balmy odour of the sweet-scented meadow grass, and the song of the nightingale, thrush, and blackbird, the merry May morn will long continue its hold upon

human affections. In great cities, more especially in London, a mockery unworthy of the fair court of Flora takes place, when a lot of sweeps, or *ramoneurs*, as they are fashionably called, and idle ragged urchins assuming ths sooty trade, decked out in dusty laurels, faded lilacs, withered peonies, decayed gilliflowers, tarnished ribands, dim tinsel, stained satins, soiled silks, and discoloured calicoes, levy *black*-mail upon the passer-by and house-keeper, causing much annoyance and danger to the equestrian by their antic motions when encircled in their leafy bowers, which call to remembrance the arboreous movement of "Birnam forest to high Dunsinane."

The month of May has many attractions for the sportsman; fishing, archery, cricket, racing, pigeon-shooting, boating, and yachting may now be said to commence. After a cold Winter, there are few who welcome the approach of genial Summer with more pleasure than the follower of old Izaak Walton; for, instead of braving the pitiless storm of hail and snow, he now places himself, with rod in hand, in some secluded spot by the side of the rapid brook, which has often yielded him glorious sport with the speckled

trout. Now is the time that a piscatory excursion to Scotland, Ireland, or Wales can be thoroughly enjoyed; and even those whose avocations keep them within the sound of Bow Bells may have a day's recreation at Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, Kingston Wick, Hampton, Sunbury, Walton Deeps, Shepperton, Esher, Cobham, Weybridge, and Byfleet; all of which rivers are well stocked with eels, perch, pike, carp, trout, tench, and the smaller fry—dace, roach, chub, and gudgeons. The archery season, too, now begins; and although bows and arrows are no longer used as offensive weapons, as they were wont to be at the battles of Cressy, Poictiers, Halidon Hill, and Agincourt, they are still much in fashion with both sexes, as may be found in the rapid increase of toxophilite meetings.

The cricketer now prepares himself for the ensuing campaign; his trusty bat, which has often scored him many a good run, is got ready, his suit of whalebone and leather armour is tried on, his shoes are newly spiked, and he himself misses no opportunity of a day's practice with some professional bowler, preparatory to his grand performances at Lord's, The Oval, Streat-

ham, Blackheath, Canterbury, Brighton, and other localities famed for the pursuit of this truly manly English game.

Racing has commenced in downright good earnest, and the April and May gatherings at Newmarket and Epsom are perhaps the most interesting of the year. That turf amusements, when honestly carried out, are of great national advantage, cannot be denied; for, in addition to the benefit our country has derived from its breed of horses, a race brings together every class of persons influenced by one motive—that of enjoying harmless recreation. There may be seen mingled together the patrician, the yeoman, the farmer, the labourer, the mechanic, the tradesman, accompanied by their respective families, all bent on pleasure; and it is gratifying to feel that although the pastimes of the million —wakes, fairs, May-day meetings, harvest-homes—are rapidly on the decrease, one amusement—racing—which can be indulged in by all, still remains. Thanks to the railways, a man can transport himself and friends to the principal places of sport at a small cost and in a wonderfully short time. Compare the means of locomotion in 1860 with those of forty years ago, when

the following notice appeared in the newspapers as an instance of great speed in journeying:

"EXPEDITIOUS TRAVELLING.—On the 10th of April (1820), at one o'clock in the morning, a party left the General Post-Office, Lombard-street, by the foreign mail, arrived at 10 o'clock at Dover, breakfasted immediately, went on board the steam-packet, landed in Calais at two o'clock, dined at three, and returned again to Dover at seven, took tea, quitted by the usual mail at nine, and arrived in Lombard-street at six o'clock on Monday morning."

The lover of the trigger, though he can no longer enjoy a day with the grouse on the Scottish moors, or with the pheasant and partridge in the woods and fields of England, may still "keep his hand in" by a morning's pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham, Shepherds' Bush, or other spots near the metropolis and throughout the provinces devoted to that sport. Although this amusement cannot be compared with other shooting, it furnishes excellent practice to all classes of gunners, from the tyro fresh from school, to the more experienced marksman, who can remember (what he calls) the good old days of flint and steel. To make a man a quick shot, there are few better plans than to let him

practise at six traps, two of which should contain a pigeon or a sparrow each. The uncertainty as to which trap will be pulled makes the gunner keep his eyes open, without which he can never attain any celerity.

In a former chapter I have alluded to the Highlands of Scotland, where grouse may be said to abound to the greatest extent; they are also to be found in the Welsh mountains, and in Ireland; in the north of England; in Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and other contiguous places, especially among the moors and high grounds of Yorkshire, where these birds are sufficient in numbers to afford excellent diversion. They are also to be seen in the neighbourhood of Stockton, Sunderland, and Darlington. For several weeks prior to the 12th of August, the day on which this shooting commences, the north country sportsmen, many of whom are connected with the manufactories of the district, give up their sedentary occupation for a day with the grouse. Spinning-jennies are set aside for shot-belts, factories for fowling-pieces, cotton-prints for pointers, machinery for the moors, and, instead of watching the rise and fall of the iron and cotton market, the sportsman devotes all

his attention to the rise of the coveted bird.

An English atmosphere is generally much more favourable to this diversion than a Scottish one, as from the innumerable lochs of the Highlands and the immediate vicinity of the ocean, the mountains are so concealed in the vapours rising from them, as at all times to render a day's sport extremely precarious. A very little wet soon causes a grouse to become wild and unassailable, and the chance of pursuing him to any advantage is very uncertain, until, perhaps, in the middle of the day, when the sun may have established a temporary influence. His habits are exceedingly regular, always taking his food and water at particular times, the latter at noon; he will then retire to the sunny side of some bank, and beneath the cover of the high furze bask in all the delight of imagined security. In this situation, a good shot will frequently annihilate the whole brood. Two brace of steady dogs are indisputably best calculated for grouse-shooting, and they will work as long as any gentleman ought to continue. The best plan is to shoot with one brace of pointers up to luncheon, and then take a brace of fresh ones for the afternoon, working the four

alternately morning and evening. The above remarks apply to a moderate-sized moor; in moors of larger extent a greater number of dogs will be required.

The owner of a yacht must now get his craft ready, for May and nauticals go hand in hand together, and it is delightful to exchange the dense air of London or other crowded cities for the fresh river or pure sea breeze.

For the Thames and within the Isle of Wight, a cutter of from five-and-twenty to forty tons would be the most available vessel, and many of that size can be bought or hired for the season. For a cruise to the French coast, I should recommend a cutter of from forty to sixty tons. For foreign service, the Mediterranean, Norway, or the Baltic, I think a schooner of a hundred tons and upwards, or a yawl of from eighty to a hundred, the most desirable craft. But whatever the size of the vessel may be, great care both in purchasing and hiring should be taken to have it thoroughly overhauled by a practical and disinterested builder. Too many yachts built after the "lath and plaster" fashion, whose defects have been hid by a coat or two of paint and varnish, have brought their owners to grief, and,

however cheap they may have sounded in the onset, have proved most expensive in the long run. A man may as well buy a tumble-down house, whose foundations are gradually giving way, as a defective yacht. I speak not only of the hull, but of the mast, spars, sails, and ropes; and if all are not strong and in good order at starting, endless danger, vexation, anxiety, and larger drains of money must inevitably be the result.

There are always plenty of excellent vessels for sale and hire, the average prices for purchase being for an almost new vessel about eighteen pounds a ton; for an older one, ten to twelve. In hiring, a guinea a day for a small craft, or ten pounds a ton per month, which includes hire, wages, and provisions of the captain and men, will be about the price; much, however, depends upon the time for which the vessel is hired, and the character of it.

The fishing season having commenced, and being anxious to visit the counties of Dumfries and Kirkcudbrightshire, I lost no time in procuring waterproof garments, fly-fishing rod and tackle, and took my departure, *via* the lakes of Westmoreland, to the capital of the former county.

Reaching Windermere late in the evening of the first day, I found excellent accommodation at the hotel which is within a few yards of the railway terminus, and at an early hour the following morning was gratified with as fine a view as can possibly be imagined; beneath was the placid lake, backed by its romantic and rugged mountains, with a bright sun in a blue sky, reflecting its glories on the peaceful waters. No sooner was breakfast discussed, the principal feature of which was fresh trout and potted char, than I proceeded in an open carriage to Keswick, every yard of the road calling to recollection the poetry of Wordsworth, Southey, and the talented Hemans.

I will not stop to give a road-book description of the lovely scenery, the expansive lakes, the lofty Helvellyn, and the snow-capped Saddleback. Suffice it to say that the drive from Windermere to Keswick, Portinscale, and Penrith cannot be exceeded for beauty in any habitable portion of the globe.

The river Dee in Kirkcudbrightshire contains three valuable salmon-fisheries, the Tongland, the Sandbed, and the Sheep Dabb: the quality of the fish cannot be surpassed. A considerable

quantity of excellent cod is caught off the mouth of the river by hooks fastened to lines. Among the fish caught in the Dee, or off the coast, are salmon, grilse, sea-trout, herling, plaice, soles, flounders, gurnard, mullet, skate, ling, cod, whiting, bream, and haddock. Eels of a large size are very abundant, and mackerel and herrings occasionally visit these waters. No river can possibly afford better amusement to the fly-fisher than the Dee, and great liberality is shown in giving permission to fish, both by the proprietors and by the different tacksmen. Of the artificial flies used there is considerable variety in point of size and colour, both being determined by the state of the river. When it is swollen, the fly most commonly adopted is a large one, with red or speckled wings, taken from the feathers either of the common turkey, or the Huntingdon kite. The latter bird is not a native of Scotland, but is found in the central and southern counties of England, and so much is it esteemed by anglers, that high prices have been given for its feathers.

When the river is low, small trout-flies are used with the finest tackle, and in addition to the yellow trout, which rise freely, the follower

of Old Izaak is certain of an occasional struggle with a salmon.

The fisheries in the river Urr were at one period of great value; but of late years they have become extremely unproductive, owing to the great extent to which poaching has been carried on.

The Deugh and the Ken in the parish of Carsphairn abound with salmon, especially towards the junction of these streams, and there are few places in the south where the sportsman can find better amusement.

There is also a great variety of fish in the Bay of Wigton, and in the Cree, including salmon, sea-trout, herling, cod, herring, spurlings, flounders, soles, plaice, grey and red gurnard, turbot, sturgeon, mackerel, chad, John Dory, skate, conger eel, lamprey, whiting, mullet, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, oysters, mussels, cockles, periwinkles, and sprats. The freshwater fish are trout and eels, so that the angler in Kirkcudbrightshire may not only enjoy excellent sport, but may daily sit down to a fish dinner, as good as those furnished at the Ship and Trafalgar taverns, Greenwich.

There are several caves, caverns, and fissures along the coast. Some of them are very curious, especially opposite Raven's Hall. They have evidently been formed by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, and are of very considerable extent. There is one very remarkable cave, difficult of access, but well worth the labour of inspection. Its mouth forms a pit of two fathoms deep, at the bottom of which the cave diverges almost at right angles, and penetrates the rocks towards the north to a great distance. Tradition has claimed this as the cave of Dirk Hatterick; and the supposition is strengthened by the legends of the parish, and the striking likeness of the coast scenery to that so graphically delineated by the Scotch novelist in "Guy Mannering." An old tower, not far from this cave, is pointed out as "Ellangowan Castle," a curious ravine as "Meg Merrilees Path," and a mansion on the Cree as "Woodburn House."

Moffat, famed for its medicinal waters, is a pleasant town, and there are many objects of interest in its immediate neighbourhood. In former times the hart and hind were found near Moffat; the last hart was killed in 1754, having been long single. The roebuck and doe were

also natives, but have long since disappeared. The eagle has become a rare bird, though still it may be seen occasionally floating over the summit of the high mountains. The blue hawk bred lately in the Bell Craig Linn. The fox continues to haunt the hills and mountains, and to be destructive to lambs and poultry. Black and red game, and partridges, are found as usual in the proper situations. Ptarmigan are very rarely seen; the heron and wild duck visit the waters, and wood-pigeons are numerous. In the Solway, and adjacent rivers, there are fisheries of salmon, grilse, sea-trout, flounders, and whitings. In former times, salmon were so abundant in the Nith and Scar rivers, that it was no unusual circumstance, with a net, to fill a common cart twice in a few hours after a flood; but so destructive have been the effects of poaching in close time, that a tenant of a fishery in this district found himself a loser, while paying a rent of only thirty shillings, and accordingly gave up his tack. At Arran there are two fisheries carried on. One of them, on the coast on the west side of the river, belongs to Mr. Mackenzie, of Newbie; the other, on the coast to the east side of the town, at Scafield,

belongs to the burgh. Both these fisheries were very productive, and we trust have remained so, despite the new enactment.

The Cluden is an excellent trouting stream, superior in this respect to the Nith. Salmon, sea-trout, herlings, and occasionally pike, are found in it. It is much poached. In an old account of the parish of Holywood, it is stated that, "though the two rivers, the Nith and the Cluden, unite at the south-east corner of the parish, each has its own distinct species of salmon. The Cluden salmon are considerably thicker and shorter in the body, and greatly shorter in the head, than those of the Nith." These peculiarities still exist; and if the fish has been more than two days run, its colour is much darker in the shade than one similarly situated in the Nith. This colour is obviously occasioned by some peculiarity in the water of the Cluden, which has been accounted for by the fact that it contains a greater proportion of moss in solution.

In the Solway Frith, salmon, sea-trout, herlings, flounders, and a small species of the cod, called codlings, are to be found. Turbot and soles are also sometimes caught, but not in large

quantities. The sea-fishings of the Solway Frith are, however, of little use to the county, there being no demand for white fish; and the salmon fishings of the rivers have suffered much by stake nets at their mouths, which, although allowed by some old Scottish acts, ought to have been repealed at the Union of the Kingdoms, or at least to be considered as no longer in force under the altered modes of using them. The river Annan, which skirts the parish of Cummertrees to the east, abounds in salmon, common trout, and herling. It is much disputed among fishermen whether or not the herlings are a species of fish distinct from the salmon. Those who maintain that they are distinct, argue that there are two kinds of herlings, the one red, the other white; while their opponents deny this, alleging that the same herling is red at one season of the year, and white at another; and that, when they have plenty of food, they become red earlier in the season than at other times; these further maintain that, after remaining two seasons in the river, they go down to the sea in Spring, and return salmon in the following Autumn. Pennant first noticed the herling as a separate species, and it is described in Dr. Fleming's "History of

British Animals," under the name of *salmo albus*.

Cricketing is now more vigorously pursued, and there never was a time in which this favourite game was more generally patronised than it is at present. Whether the game is derived from the chugan of the Persians, the bandy play of the Welsh, the hurling of the Irish, or the golfing of Scotland, I know not; suffice it to say, that in England alone, and in her colonies, it was reared and matured, and wherever our active countrymen have met abroad, bats, balls, and wickets have been invariably introduced. I myself, during a somewhat lengthened pilgrimage, have taken part in the game in England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, France, Germany, and Canada. My first essay was in Tothill Fields, at that time the play-ground of the Westminster boys; the next during the holidays in the Phœnix Park, Dublin; my next innings came off at Vienna, during the "Dancing congress" (as Talleyrand called it) in 1815, where a chosen few introduced the game on the Prater. I then aimed at a higher flight, and formed one of the eleven of the Guards and staff in the Park at Enghien, near Brussels, about a month before the battle of Waterloo. From Belgium I proceeded to La

Belle France, where the wickets were pitched near the Bois de Boulogne; then crossing the Atlantic, I "went in" on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, the spot of Wolfe's glorious death. A few weeks afterwards I was "run out" within sound of the rushing cataract of Niagara. Returning home, I in after-life joined a cricketing party in Scotland, at the seat of one of the most popular baronets in the North, the late Sir David Baird, of Newbyth.

Nothing to my mind can be more absurd than to see the players of the present day encased in steel and padding, looking more like the man that descends in a diving-bell at the Polytechnic than a batter or fieldsman; and the sooner the system of our ancestors is restored the better. The modern practice, too, of throwing instead of bowling the ball, is not only dangerous, but it in a great measure destroys the science of the game. The cricketers of bygone times, the Dukes of Richmond and Hamilton, the Earls of Winchilsea and Darnley, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and others, did not think it necessary to protect their limbs with tubular india-rubber gloves and leg-guards, but appeared in their white-duck or flannel trousers and jackets, with no other

implements of defence against the flying ball than those which nature had given them; and yet the matches were quite as well played as they are in the present day. A man now goes in with the fear of having his human stumps shattered, an arm broken, or one of his optics damaged; and unless his temperament is entirely free from all nervous apprehension, I question much whether he could attend to rule the first in batting, which, according to a well-known authority, runs as follows: "Fix your right foot just near enough to the crease to be put in your ground, and as near the block-hole as you can without being before either stump; then fix your left foot slightly on the ground, as wide as you conveniently can, immediately between yourself and the bowler.

This quaint author then proceeds: "Now stand up on the carpet for attitudinising; take some mark in the seam as the spot for fixing your right foot, and place the left on another part of the same seam; never mind appearing awkward. You will now find that you have more power to hit on the 'off-side' than on the 'on.' Secondly, that your left shoulder will be sufficiently forward to prevent you from swinging up your bat

towards the ceiling. Now, probably, it seems to you that you are cramped, and not as free as you used to be. Quite so; before you were free to play badly, now you are constrained to play correctly. This, then, will be the first lesson. Stand fixed according to these directions, and poke away as clumsily as may be, day after day, till you have played some eight or nine hundred balls, taking care never once to allow the point of your bat to be turned the least upward. A little of this exercise will lead you into old Nyson's rule of keeping the left elbow well up, and nearly in the direction of the bowler. Now, I think I hear you say, 'Did ever any one see a good player in such an attitude, poking and pushing rather than hitting freely?' You must know that a man of elegant deportment never puts himself into the attitudes of a drill-sergeant; yet, however forced and awkward these movements at first appear, the habits they produce are consistent with elegance and ease. The case is the same with cricket; the movements enjoined will at first seem awkward enough, yet the habits proceeding from them will give great power and facility in hitting. So much then for my first rule. Attempt nothing till this, which I call my drilling

exercise, has taught you to hit with your bat upright, and its point never as near the bowler as its shoulder. It teaches to cover the ball, a point in which the best players occasionally err." It has been said that a good cricketer should possess strength of body, quickness of thought, a keen eye, and acute observation—all of which qualities would be of the utmost avail to the soldier, the sailor, or the fox-hunter; but if the present system of bowling is continued, some additional power will be required, so that the members of Lord's and other cricketing clubs may be able to bear the weight of a suit of armour from the Tower of London. Then the Household Brigade might turn out in heavy marching order—jack-boots, helmets, cuirasses, and gauntlets—to contend against the Zingari in chain hauberts, steel head-pieces, and iron armlets.

The Four-in-Hand Club commence their meetings in this month, and there are few sights that surprise a foreigner more than witnessing the assemblage of fifteen or twenty well-appointed teams in Hyde Park. To select, say, twelve of the best, and the value of the horses at six hundred each team (which is below the price), would amount to £7,200. Add eight more teams at

three hundred and fifty pounds each, and the value would amount to two thousand eight hundred pounds. *Tottle* of the whole, as a late financial economiser was wont to say in the House of Commons, ten thousand pounds. The Four-in-Hand Club ought, then, to be patronized, as it tends to keep up the breed of thorough-bred horses, which I regret to say, owing to the large exportations, has degenerated of late. Some fifty years ago, the members of the Driving Club were not content to "handle the ribands" like professional coachmen, but aped their dress and manner; in the present day, coaching is found not to be incompatible with gentlemanlike bearing and manner, and eccentricity of costume is carefully avoided.

Coaching demands a few words. Many of the professional stage-coachmen of fifty years ago were men of good education. Indeed, not a few had received the advantage of a college education, and could quote Latin and Greek in a manner that surprised some of their travelling companions. They could also tell a good story, and sing a good song, so that their society was much sought after. And here we are reminded of the death of one who, as an amateur coachman and

singer, was second to none. We allude to the late Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, than whom a kinder-hearted creature never existed. Few men had seen more of the world in all its phases than the deceased; but under whatever circumstances you met him, whether at the social board, on the race-course, on the box of a "drag," in the snuggery of the Garrick Club, or in the shooting-field, he was ever the high-bred gentleman. His vocal powers were of first-rate order, as all will bear testimony who listened to his merry and musical voice when he carolled forth "The Swell Drags-man," "The Bonny Owl," "The days that we got tipsy in, a long time ago," and other convivial songs. His nerve and head, when on the box, were wonderfully good. I well recollect being outside the late Harvey Aston's coach at Ascot, when the owner, who was rather short-sighted, drove his leaders right against some strong ropes that surrounded the booths; and as the team were very skittish, we must have come to grief had not Fitzroy, in the quietest manner, helped us out of our scrape by catching hold of the reins. This he did in the most good-humoured manner, and with so much tact that Aston was pleased instead of being offended. "You are an excellent

coachman," said Stanhope, "but a little too venturesome; there, take the ribands again, no one handles them better." Poor Fitzroy! his loss was deeply felt by a large circle of friends. Peace to his manes!

May is, as we have said, an excellent month for piscatory pursuits, and the angler and fly-fisher may indulge in them to his hearts' content; and here I would, while on the subject of fly-fishing, offer the following remarks:

First, I would recommend a beginner to practise throwing the line on a broad smooth pool, where he can see that it is delivered out properly, and falls lightly, without splashing. In such case the practitioner will perceive something which he cannot easily account for; and that is that, after he has even attained a great degree of perfection in the art, he will not be able to distinguish how it happens that, in one throw, his long line will proceed direct out, his fly alighting first on the water; that in another the middle of his line will fall first, while the farther part, still obedient to the original impulse, will proceed out the full length, the fly falling last on the surface. This last throw is not so good as the former, for this reason, that the

main current having caught the middle of his line first, carries it too quickly down, leaving the fly lagging, to form an awkward curve, as, before it comes over above the fish, the fly should lie on the water, so as to have the appearance of plying at an angle against the current; and the angler should so manage his rod as, while he lets his line float round at its full length, to cause his fly to come as slowly as possible over the main spot. In this case the salmon will sometimes rise at once, rather before you expect him, but more generally will follow the fly to the eddy, or edge of the deep, where, if on examination he feels disposed to seize the hook, he has it before you perceive a head, fin, or tail above the surface. Indeed, before you perceive the web of his tail, he generally has the hook in his jaw a foot below water, as in descending he goes, like other divers, head foremost. Another hint is, never to attempt to land your fish until you have thoroughly exhausted his strength, in which you can succeed only by patience and perseverance.

The punter, too, may now commence his piscatory operations against barbel, gudgeon, chub, roach, dace, perch, eels, and flounders,

with every prospect of filling his "creel;" and the follower of Izaak Walton may devote a portion of his time, like a good general, in preparing for the ensuing campaign. The rod must be looked over, the joints attended to, the loop ties made secure, and a coat of varnish applied, either of copal, mastic, or caoutchouc dissolved over a slow fire in linseed oil. The lines, too, must be overhauled, to ascertain whether they have rotted or frayed; and the hooks, so important an appendage to fishing apparatus, demand minute attention. The buoyancy of the float must be tested, and the reel must be found to work well, so as not to get clogged. The landing net must be reported sound, the minnow-kettle in good repair, and the fishing-basket ready as an ambulance to carry home the killed and wounded. The pocket-book must be replenished with reels, lines, floats, plumbing lead, split shots, cap tips, wax, india-rubber, hooks in oilskin, to prevent their corroding, waxed silk, scissors, knife, pliers, disgorgers, baiting needle. The above will form the contents of the bottom angling pocket-book. The troller's pocket-book should contain gorge-hooks, single, double, and treble hooks for live bait fishing, spring and

dead snap-hooks, leadings, gimps, knife, scissors, pliers, disgorger, gudgeon and minnow baiting, needles, and strong gut for finer trolling or minnow spinning. The fly-fisher's pocket-books (for two are essentially necessary) hold, one the flies, and the other the numerous materials for making them, including wings of various kinds, picked feathers, hackles, fur, dubbings, and waxed silk. A minute inspection must be made, to see that neither insects, nor moths, nor those small but destructive intruders, the dermestæ and termites, have committed any havoc during the Winter season.

The stone, trout, or May-fly makes its appearance about the middle of April, although occasionally it is to be met with much earlier, and continues throughout June, and sometimes later. It is a good fly for morning and evening, and, if there be wind, may be taken during the whole of a warm dull day. Cotton gives the following account of it: "This same stone-fly has not the patience to continue in his crust or husk till his wings be full grown; but as soon as ever they begin to put out, and he feels himself strong—at which time we call him a *jack*—he squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the

top of some stone, where, if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other—which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them—he there lurks till his wings be full grown, and there is your only place to find him, and from thence, doubtless, he derives his name, though for want of such convenience he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the winds cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail almost as in the middle; his colour is a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back. He has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head. His wings, when full grown, are double and flat down his back, of the same colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it. He often swims and paddles upon the water with several feet he has under his belly, without stirring a wing."

What a contrast is the above instructive account to one which Daniel, on the faith of the writer of the "North Country Angler," gives in his "Rural Sports," where the author is

not only at variance with practical fishermen, but is inconsistent in his statements!

It would be a curious speculation to trace the causes of the rise, decline, and downfall of the turf at many of our provincial meetings; but it is one that would exceed our limits, and it is of too much importance to be treated summarily. Suffice it to say that furious attacks have been levelled against this popular and national amusement from the pulpit upon one side, while, on the other, many nefarious transactions of racing men have brought it into disrepute. There are other causes to which the decline of the turf may be attributed, which we will not here enter upon, trusting that they are but temporary, and that the sports founded by our ancestors, which have been patronized by Royalty from time immemorial, and which are alike accessible to the peasant and to the peer, will again be restored to their pristine grandeur. That such will be the case, we doubt not, when we bear in mind that the Prince of Wales has upon many occasions honoured the race-course with his presence.

Among the improvements of modern times, there is none more striking than the selection of racing cups, for the present generation have en-

tirely eclipsed those of former days. Instead of the old-fashioned silver-gilt mug, the ill-shaped tankard, or the hideously ugly vase, with a miserable attempt to represent the noble animal as he never was, we have now the most exquisite works of art, modelled by men of genius and taste, and executed by silversmiths of the highest order.

Before we conclude, we cannot refrain from alluding to two late Noble Dukes, well known and highly respected in all sporting as well as private circles. Of the Duke of Athole it has been truly said, that "a more honest, chivalrous, devoted chieftain never lived."

"Some men have character, more or less—others have none—and some few *are* characters; it is of their essence and what they are made of. Such was the Duke of Athole; he was a character inscribed and graven by the cunning, inimitable, and unrepeating hand of Nature—as original and unmistakable as his own Ben-y-Gloe. He was a living, a strenuous protest in permanent kilt against the civilization, the taming, the softening of mankind. Courage, endurance, staunchness, fidelity, and warmth of heart, simplicity and downrightness, were his

staples; and with these as his capital he attained to singular power in his own region and among his own people. The secret of this was his truth and his pluck, his kindliness and his constancy. Other noblemen put on the kilt at the season, and do their best to embrown their smooth knees for six weeks, and then return to trousers and to town; he lived in his kilt all the year long, and often slept soundly in it and his plaid among the brackens; not sparing any of his men or friends—it was the rigour of the game—it was 'devil take the hindmost.' Up at all hours, out all day and all night, often without food—with nothing but the unfailing pipe—there he was, stalking the deer in Glen Tilt, or across the Gaie moors, or rousing before daybreak the undaunted otters among the alders of the Earn, the Isla, or the Almond; and if in his pursuit, which was fell as any hound's, he got his hand into the otter's grip, and had its keen teeth meeting in his palm, he let it have its will till the pack came up, never flinching, almost as if he had no sense of pain.

"It was this gameness and thoroughness in whatever he was about that charmed his people—charmed his very dogs; and so it should be.

There may be better pursuits for a man and a duke than otter-hunting, and crawling like a huge caterpillar for hours after a royal stag; but there may be worse, and it is no small public good to keep up the relish for and the exercise of courage, perseverance, readiness of mind, resource, and hardihood—it is an antidote against the softness and luxury of a dainty world. Then he practised and kept up the games of the country. There might be much for Adam Smith and the *Times* to laugh at in all this, but it had and did its own good, and it made him a living centre—a king. And who that ever was there, does not remember the wonderful ball that closed the Athole Gathering, when delicate London girls were endued with miraculous spirit, when reel succeeded reel like the waves of the sea—all innocent and all happy, and all light of heel—and when the jocund morn, far up in heaven, saw them 'down by the Rimmal and banks of the Garry,' or across Lochaber by the grim Ben Aulder and utmost Dalnaspidal. Let no man speak evil of those cordial and once-a-year jovialities. Then the Duke was a great organizer of men—he was martial to the core; had his body-guard dressed and drilled to perfection—

all mighty men of valour—after whom at the Princess's marriage the lively and minute cockneys gazed in awful wonder.

"Every one knows the interest our Queen had in him—in his Duchess and in Blair—where she first saw and loved the Highlands, when she and her husband were in their first young joys; and where she went when her friend and her friend's husband and her husband's friend lay dying by inches of that terrible malady against which he bore himself so patiently, we may now say so sweetly—submitting that fierce restless spirit to the awful will, getting his house in order, seeing and comforting his friends, remembering his people, not even forgetting his Ayrshires—why should he?—waiting steadfastly and like a man for the end. We all know—it is our possession—that meeting of the quick, honest, chivalrous, devoted chieftain with his sorrow-laden but sympathising Queen — their mutual regards, their brief, measured words from the heart; the dying man rising from his final room and accompanying his royal mistress to the train—kissing her hand, and bidding her, not without dignity, farewell; and when his amazed and loving people stood silent and awed,

almost scared, by something greater than majesty —the presence of that Shade who is waiting for us all, and who "the likeness of a kingly crown has on"—when with his dying lips he raised the parting cheer. Such a thing does a nation—does every one of us—good; it is that touch of nature which makes us we all know what, and which we are in this fast world all too little, and too seldom. There must have been no ordinary worth in the man whom the Queen so regarded and honoured. Much of this honour he in his single-heartedness and his frank speech would have given to her, the quiet admirable wife, who now mourns him."

The late Duke of Cleveland was a sportsman to the backbone, and his hunting establishment at Raby Castle was second to none. A more kind, unaffected, simple-minded man never existed, and his mantle has descended to one equally kind and simple-minded. A story is told of the late Duke which corroborates the above. He was travelling one day towards the north with only one person in the train, who, from his manner, appearance, and conversation, looked what he proved to be, a grazier. The conversation turned upon Shorthorns, Herefords,

Devons, Norfolks, Suffolks, Welsh, Jersey, Guernsey, Breton, Ayrshire, and other established breeds; Southdown, Hampshire, Mountain, Cotswold, Leicester, Oxfordshire Downs, Shropshire, and every sort of Long and Short-wools; Berkshire, Suffolk, and Waterford Pigs; when the Duke's unassuming attire and rather curt answers did not inspire the feeder of cattle with much awe. At the following station another gentleman got in, but only for a short distance, and on leaving was "my Lord Duke'd" by the porters. The grazier looked surprised. The Duke of Newcastle—for it was he—had been most affable. So turning to the owner of Raby Castle, the grazier said, "Only to think that the Duke should have made himself agreeable to two such 'snobs' as us!" The story goes on to say that, when the Duke of Cleveland left the train at Darlington, and was received with ducal honours, the grazier exclaimed, "Two dukes, and I the only snob, after all." The late Duke, well known on the turf, was highly respected as one of its best and most honourable supporters; and the Cleveland colours flourished as they were wont to do in the day of the Regent, when

Pavilion and other flyers appeared mounted in the pink and black.

Although we do not include rook-shooting among field-sports, still, as it is an amusement which many a lover of the trigger delights in, we must not pass it over without a notice. These birds build in communities, usually in tall trees, and very frequently in close proximity to large mansions, farms, and churches. London, too, could boast of its rookeries, both in the Temple and Carlton House Gardens; but the rapid march of improvement, and the modern mania for building, have driven these birds away into the suburban districts.

Formerly rook-hawking was a favourite diversion: it was practised with passage falcons, and occasionally with eyasses, and, according to the late Sir John Sebright, no mean authority upon such subjects, falcons which have long flown at hack, and have been accustomed to prey for themselves, furnish excellent sport. The rook, strong in flight, is no less bold than wary; and his stratagems to elude his pursuers, which are generally two, are great, as the resistance he offers is worthy of his size. Notwithstanding this, the swoop, when once made,

is usually effective, as the black quarry finds to its cost. The modern practice of rook-shooting is with a shot-gun, few resorting to the old habit of using cross-bows or rifles; and when the young birds are tolerably strong on the wing, in the absence of better sport, a morning with this "black game" may not be amiss. It keeps the shooter's hand in, enables him to see that his ordnance is in good trim, and prevents an over-stock of these mischievous birds, so fatal to the interests of the farmer. We have seen men fire at the young rooks when perched above their nests; but such wholesale slaughter is only worthy of those who would fire at a rabbit sitting, or a cock-pheasant on a branch of a fir-tree. There is an idea—an erroneous one, we believe—that a large proportion of eggs sold as plovers', are in reality rooks'. Plovers' eggs are to be found in thousands in the field, with little or no trouble in picking them up. Compare this to the amount and danger of climbing high trees to secure those of the rook, in addition to the chance of being taken up before a magistrate for trespass, and it will be seen that, as the French say, "the game would be scarcely worth the candle."

An annual piece of foolery that used to be most

anxiously looked for, though "excessively and tarnationsly to be laughed at" (we adopt an Americanism) was the sporting affair known as the Epping Hunt. At daybreak the city of London poured forth a living stream of its smoke-dried holiday folk; every road towards the place of meeting was thronged with equestrians, singing the burden of the song, "This day a stag must die." At an early hour the town of Epping became densely crowded with people from all parts of the country, parties on foot and on horseback, in carriages, gigs, waggons, carts, donkey chaises, and vans crowded to overflowing. The "meet" ("we met, 'twas in a crowd") presented the appearance of a large fair, or the borders of a race-course; for there were pea and thimble boards, E. O. tables, and various other apparatus for petty gambling, shows, exhibitions, and gingerbread stalls, glittering with kings and queens. At one o'clock there was a goodly assemblage at the brow above Fairmead Bottom, while the pollard oaks, which skirt the Bottom on either side, were filled with men and boys. Suddenly the loud notes of a horn were heard; then a keyed bugle, playing all the popular hunting music of the day.

When the huntsman and hounds were seen coming over the hill by the Bald-faced Stag, hundreds of sportsmen rushed gallantly forward to meet them. The huntsman appeared in a huge red frock-coat, with a grass-green collar, ornamented with mother-of-pearl buttons as big as crown-pieces; yellow and black striped waistcoat, dark corduroy inexpressibles, top-boots of a mahogany colour, and was mounted on a worn-out bit of blood, with one eye and a stringhalt; the saddle, crupper, and snaffle-bridle looking rather the worse for wear. The whipper-in sported a green cutaway-coat, a pair of ochre-coloured leather breeches, a black velvet cap, some rusty couples, and a horse, the *fac-simile* of Petruchio's, thus described by Shakespeare: "His horse, hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, stark spoiled with the staggers, begrown with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder shotten, ne'er legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots." The pack consisted of eight couple, of every shape, sort, colour, and size.

Three couple from the "E. E. M. U. H." (East End Metropolitan Union Hunt), two-and-a-half drafted from the "drag" pack of a sporting cavalry regiment then quartered at Romford barracks; a couple of dwarf stag-hounds, a cur, a sheep-dog, and a terrier.

After an hour's delay, the door of the cart was opened, and amidst the laughing, and whooping, and shouting, and hallooing of men, the screaming and fainting of women, and the yelling, and barking, and whining of the canine race, a young buck, who "wore a wreath of roses" round his neck, a girth of rainbow-coloured ribbon, and a gaudy silk pennon streaming in the wind, was turned out. The poor animal, who looked the picture of innocence, gazed for a moment at the spectators, and then trotted off perfectly unconcerned. At a given time the hounds were laid on. "Yoicks, Melody; have at him, Pilgrim!" cried the man in red (we will not again profane the name of huntsman). "Vere's the stag?" bellowed a young grocer from Whitechapel. "Vot a swell!" cried a second." "There he goes!" screeched one. "Hold hard!" shouted another. "Stop my horse!" cried a third. A yelp here, a growl

there, and "Ware hound, ware horse" were heard. "Hector has it!" bellowed the whipper-in. "Want your horse holded, sir!" beseechingly asked a St. James'-street cad, to a young gentleman on a snaffle-bridle runaway; and away they went hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, red coats and green coats, blue coats and black coats, and sporting sweeps, with no coats at all; horses without riders; dogs, donkeys, butchers, baronets, dustmen, dandies, knife-grinders, tinkers, tailors, mobocracy and snobocracy. There were many most disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field. The stag, after trotting some miles, turned towards Woodford, and was ultimately taken; nobody knew by whom, how, or where.

CHAPTER X.

THE CARNIVAL OF NATURE—TEMPERATURE OF JUNE—THE MAY-FLY—QUAINT LETTER RELATING TO A DOG—AMUSEMENTS OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES—RACING—AN ANCIENT DODGE—AN OLD FOX-HUNTER—STEAM YACHTS—ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—PURCHASE OF A YACHT.

THE glorious month of June is the fruit and flowery carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries, gratifying alike the palate with the choicest produce, and delighting the olfactory senses with the most fragrant perfumes. The hopes of Spring are realized, yet the enjoyment has but commenced. We have all Summer before us. The cuckoo's notes are in the finest tone—deep and loud; the hum of the bee, the click of the grasshopper, are heard in the sweet-scented garden and verdant meadow; the song-thrush, called the "mavis" in Scotland, charms

not only by the melodious tones, but by the variety of its song; the woodlark, too, pours forth its soft, rich strains from the summit of some o'er-spreading tree, or by the wild and lone hill-side, filling the solitude, which is only interrupted by the bleating of a flock or the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell, with its eloquent music. Towards evening the bat and the owl venture forth as twilight wanderers, and the luminous glow-worm may be noticed brightening up the roads, banks, and footpaths. The fields and hedge-rows are in full blossom with the odoriferous clover, the delicious-scented bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the foxglove, the mallow, white briony, wild honeysuckle, the hip-rose, and other uncultured floral beauties. To the cricketer, the angler, the lover of aquatics—whether a yachtsman or one fond of boating—and the archer, this month is full of charms; for although the mean temperature falls short of that of July by two degrees and a-half, yet the solar heat of the former exceeds that of the latter by more than four degrees. This great heat is attributable to the purity of the atmosphere, through which the sun's rays, in passing, lose less of their power. Independent of the above, the average

number of days on which rain falls is about eleven, being the lowest of any month in the year.

The evenings about this period produce an interesting object to the naturalist, namely the angler May-fly *(ephemera vulgata)* the most short-lived in its perfect state of any of the insect race. It emerges from the water, where it passes its aurelia state, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. They usually begin to appear about the 4th of the month, and continue nearly a fortnight. The 20th of June is famed for a custom established at Dunmow, Essex, in 1751, when any married couple may claim a flitch of bacon, provided they can conscientiously declare that from the day they were united in holy wedlock they have never quarrelled, repented of Hymen's chains, or offended one another. Thanks to the exertions of one of our most distinguished authors (Harrison Ainsworth) this ancient custom was revived a few years ago.

We must now "hark back" to give a letter on the subject of a favourite dog, which is written in so quaint a style, and with such genuine feeling for the canine favourite, that it requires no apology for its introduction.

Copy of a letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to James I., concerning his Dogge Bungey:—

"May it please your Highness to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme, and I may say *I pede fausto;* but havinge goode reason to thinke your Highness had good will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and strange feates; and herein will I not plaie the curr myself but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare veritie. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good courage; for if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my house here, at Kelstone, with goodlie returne from such nobilitie as were pleasede to

emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene that this messenger did ever blab aught concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten how he once was sent withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my house, by my man Combe, and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the house, after which he went forthe, and returned withe the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte, but we have living testimonie of those who wroughte in the fields and espied his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain and watchede the passage of this whole business.

"I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missing this dogge; for on my journie towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's, where in a happie house, after six weekes, I did

heare of him; but suche was the court he did paye to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogges own proof, and made him perform such feates before the nobles assembled as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe; but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we both were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter; but *jubes renovare dolorem.* I will now saie in what manner he died: as we traveld towardes the Bathe, he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chiding his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie

suggest much more to y^r^ Highnesse thought of this dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now, let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be ledde by that dogge whose name does not appeare, yet coud I saie such things of my 'Bungey,' for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich — more than a hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my dogge, if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again saie that of all the dogges near your father's Courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for only a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte great matter, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention. I now reste your Highnesse friend in all service that may suite him.

"JOHN HARRINGTON.

"P.S.—The verses above spoken of are in my book of epigrams, in praise of my dogge Bungey,

to Momus; and I have an excellent picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity.

"*Kelston, June* 14, 1608."

Unfortunately there is in the present age a very prevalent disposition to interfere with the sports of the humbler classes, and it is much to be regretted that such a feeling exists. There is a set of well-meaning individuals—for we will do them that justice—who would fain bring about the day when the labourer should devote his leisure hours to the study of tracts and other religious works; and, to a certain extent, this view might be carried out with benefit to the community at large. But it must ever be borne in mind that those who are doomed to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow require some relaxation to enable them to return to the same unvaried routine of life. The higher classes have every species of amusement within their grasp, and can vary the monotony of existence by constant change of scene and clime, while their less fortunate brethren have no opportunity of so doing; and with this additional drawback, that in many instances the pleasures of intellect are denied to them. It is, then, but right that

they should have their sports to enliven their minds and enable them to support the never-ending fatigue they are subject to. Under these circumstances, every innocent recreation ought rather to be encouraged than repressed. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish to go back to the days of good Queen Bess, when the sports and the amusement of the bear-garden met with regal and courtly favour; we do not wish to see bull-baiting, dog-fighting, badger-baiting, or cock-fighting legalized; all we contend for is that the sports which neither brutalize nor degrade the mind, and which are unattended with cruelty, ought not to be denounced. Many noble sports there are which produce an opposite effect; they give that straightforward manliness of character, that generous spirit, that noble daring, that John Bull hardihood and pluck, which has for years characterized our soldiers and sailors, and assisted them in spreading the glory of the British arms wherever they have appeared.

As in some measure connected with racing now actively carried on on many courses, I must lay before my readers a "dodge" that was practised some years ago, and which cannot be dittoed in

the present artful day. In an obituary we find the following record, April, 1797—

"At a public-house at Water Newton, in the county of Huntingdon, John Kilburn, a person well known to many gentlemen of the turf as a list-seller and attendant in the stables at most of the races in the kingdom. He had undergone various vicissitudes of life, had been a horse-dealer of some eminence, and in that line travelled into France and other foreign parts. Returning to England poor, he entered into several militias, and was at one time a sergeant in the Huntingdonshire; but his predilection for horses and the turf occasioned him to quit that situation. At a town in Bedfordshire, some years ago, he was, according to the turf phrase, quite broke down. It was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born, and to arrive there in time he hit on the following expedient. He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words, "Richmond Gaol," which, with a chain, he fixed on one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two con-

stables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the keeper with, 'Sir, do you know this man?' 'Yes, very well, it is Kilburn. I have known him many years.' 'We suppose he has broken out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark; is not he a prisoner?' 'A prisoner! never heard any harm of him in my life.' 'Nor,' says Kilburn, 'have these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me home out of Bedfordshire; and I will not give them any further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it. I thank them for their good usage.' The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles."

I happened, also, in looking over an old newspaper, to find the following notice—

"Died, July 31, 1764, George Kinton, Esq., of Oxnop Hall, Yorkshire, in the hundred and twenty-fifth year of his age, a most remarkable fox-hunter. After following the chase on horseback till eighty, he regularly attended the un-

kenneling the fox in his single-chair till he was one hundred; and no man, within ten years of his death, made freer with his bottle."

Now that the national amusement of yachting is carried on with so much spirit, I cannot refrain from expressing regret that several steam-vessels have been added to many of the clubs, as such an infraction does away greatly with the pleasure and utility of yachting. What amusement can there possibly be in a squadron, a part of it, or even a few private vessels, leaving their moorings at Cowes or Southampton, for a cruise to the westward, or a run over to Boulogne, Havre, Dieppe, Cherbourg, Jersey, or Guernsey? The object of such expeditions is to keep together, to watch the sailing and steering qualities of each respective craft, to act under one head, who, as commodore for the moment, is to make signals during the cruise, and under his auspices to make snug in some English or foreign harbour for the night. What then can be a greater annoyance than to have one of the vessels steaming, issuing forth the most dense smoke, puffing and panting, and flitting in and out like a fire-fly?

Let us turn next to the national utility of the

various yacht squadrons, and the first thing that will attract the attention of every one interested in this delightful pursuit, will be that by encouraging sailing you encourage the blue-jackets. There is many a hard-working man that devotes his Winter months to the deep-sea fisheries, and it is a great boon to him to find that during the Summer months he can, as it is termed, "keep his hand in" and earn a handsome competency for his wife and children by serving on board a yacht.

If once the emulation of sailing is done away with, if Jack can no longer talk of how he overhauled another craft of larger tonnage than his own, if, when he is setting every stitch of canvas to carry on, he is overtaken by a brother-yachtsman going at all the speed with which an engine can propel him along, the days of yachting will be numbered.

Where will be the bright glassy deck, the neatly coiled and clean ropes, the spotless canvas, the tidy awning, the bright shining copper bolts, the well-polished blocks, and the unsoiled bunting? Why, after a week's steaming, the whole will resemble a Newcastle collier. In the "Reminiscences" of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, I

find that he was the first to propose a resolution to the Royal Yacht Squadron, to admit steam-vessels to the privileges of the Club. This was not favourably received, and "some of the members (I think with bad taste) went even so far as to taunt him with the insinuation that he intended to make any steamer he might build subservient to business purposes." Mr. Smith was, naturally enough, very indignant at so unjust an accusation, and subsequently withdrew his name from the Club. I have by inverted commas shown the extract from the work in question; for without the authority of so distinguished a gentleman as Sir John Eardley Wilmot I could scarce have given credit to the statement that a body of English noblemen and gentlemen could have been guilty of ascribing such unworthy motives to a brother member, who during his connection with the Squadron had no less than five sailing vessels built for him. Upon the conduct of the members, or that of Mr. Smith in resigning, I make no comment, further than to regret that the *grand chasseur d'Angleterre* did not confine himself to the science of sailing vessels, in a sailing club. Out of the Club, for mercantile or naval purposes, the people at

large would have been grateful to Mr. Smith for his earnest and persevering exertions to promote and improve steam-navigation. That Mr. Smith was of much use in improving steam-navigation cannot be denied, when we read the statements of Mr. Robert Napier, the great ship-builder of Glasgow, Mr. Drummond, Sir Roderick Murchison, and the late Duke of Wellington.

The anecdote connected with the latter authority is so graphic that we must transcribe it to our pages. "Some years ago, when the Duke was staying at Tedworth, Mr. Smith communicated to the great Captain his notions regarding gun-boats. The Duke listened, as he always did, with attention to the Squire's remarks, but gave no opinion at the time respecting the subject of them. Next morning, as they were both walking on the terrace after breakfast, the Duke said, 'Smith, I have been thinking that there is a good deal in what you said last night about these gun-boats, and I should advise your writing to the first Lord of the Admiralty," which advice Mr. Smith accordingly followed, but received no answer. Some time after, when walking down Regent-street, he met the First Lord, whom he knew personally, and

asked him, in the course of conversation, if he had received his letter containing suggestions for the introduction of gun-boats. The First Lord replied that he had, but that the Admiralty could not pay attention to all the recommendations made to them. Upon this, Mr. Smith took off his hat, and, turning away from him with a stately bow, observed, 'What his Grace the Duke of Wellington has considered worthy of attention, I think your Lordship might at least have condescended to notice.'" Whether Mr. Smith was the first to introduce the plan of hollow water lines, the priority of which was afterwards disputed by Mr. Scott Russell, and fully borne out by the authorities above quoted, we will not pause to inquire. All we regret, as we have before said, is that Mr. Smith did not remain in the Royal Yacht Squadron, to benefit it by his practical and theoretical knowledge of sailing, devoting any portion of his spare time to the equally high principle of improving steam-navigation.

As the Summer may now be fairly said to have set in, we strongly recommend those who can afford to indulge in the delightful, yet expensive, amusement of yachting, to purchase or hire a vessel for the next two months. Although it

is a better time of year to sell than to buy, a good "craft" may always be procured at a fair price, if the negotiation is carried on in a business-like manner, few owners liking to stand out if a proper offer is made. For many reasons, however, it is wiser to be early in the field, and among the principal ones is the difficulty of getting a good captain and crew at an advanced period of the season. At Southampton, Lymington, Cowes, Dartmouth, and Ryde, the terms (master and men included) are a pound per ton for every month; and as a cutter of forty tons is quite large enough for four friends to take a cruise to Scotland, Ireland, Boulogne, Calais, Havre, or Cherbourg, they may for the weekly sum of fourteen pounds each, enjoy a maritime trip to their hearts' content, keeping an excellent table: for in the above calculation we have provided for eating and drinking, including fish, flesh, fowl, pale ale, wine, brandy, and whisky.

A small cutter of fifteen tons, admirably found in stores, with a man and a boy, will answer the purpose of anyone who confines his sailing between The Needles on the west and the Nab Light on the east; a yawl of five-and-

thirty tons may next be hired, requiring three good hands, and fit to run over to any of the French ports. To those who wish for real comfort, and who can afford to keep a captain and a crew of five or seven men, cutters, yawls, and schooners, varying from fifty to seventy tons, may be engaged by the month. The price of a new yacht ought not to exceed seven-and-twenty pounds per ton, ready for sea, while one two or three years old ought to be bought for less than that amount. Older vessels may be had at what the agents call "dirt cheap;" but in the end they will prove the dearest, for they always require a great deal of money laid out upon them; and the bills for caulking, repairing damaged bulwarks, replacing worn-out ropes, and furnishing new blocks, sails, and spars, will amount to a large sum. The complaints, too, by the captain will try the patience of any owner; for, from morning till night, he will have to listen to a long yarn of grievances. "Please, sir, the bowsprit is sprung; it never was a good spar, and that Waterford steamer did it a power of mischief in the Thames. The mainsail won't stand a breeze—it's gone in three or four places. There's scarcely a block fit to be used: it takes

an extra hand to work them. The topping-lift is stranded—the hawser ain't safe—one of the pawls of the windlass is broken—the deck leaks awfully—a pintle of the rudder is nearly out—and the starboard bulwarks are so much damaged that I fear we shall be obliged to have new ones. She got nicely knocked about last season in Ramsgate Harbour. The chain-cable is quite rusty, and ought to be galvanized; and the copper is two inches thick with shells and dirt." Under these circumstances I advise no one to purchase a very old yacht, which, like a dilapidated mansion, always requires patching up, and can never be made perfect. Of course there are vessels that have only been used for two or three seasons, which are as good as new; and here I must not omit to mention that the books of all the yacht clubs contain a list of vessels for sale, and the Secretary of the Royal Thames Yacht Club—I speak of him from experience—and other equally zealous officers, are ever ready to assist the public in the purchase of a yacht.

Having referred to the expense of hiring a yacht, I now proceed to offer a few practical suggestions to owners. The first is to be very

particular in engaging a captain who not alone possesses nautical knowledge, but who has entire control over the crew, and who never allows the proper discipline to be trifled with. The next is to keep back four shillings a week from the wages of each man, to be paid to him at the end of the season, provided he has conducted himself to the satisfaction of his employer—a guinea a week being his legal demand, and the above stoppage a gratuity for good conduct. And last, not least, I advise no yacht-owner, however trustworthy his captain may be, to permit him to order any stores without a written authority from his superior. The pay of a captain engaged for a short period ought to be from eight to ten guineas a month, with a suit of clothes, and a promise of a gratuity at the end of the season; the men ought also to have a suit of clothes each. Although the bracing sea air produces so good an appetite that the "inner man" requires no pampering, I strongly recommend every yachtsman to provide himself with a good cook, who will take care that the soups are not smoked, that the fish is not under-boiled, or the joints over-roasted. In the long run, it will be found the cheapest to pay the culinary artist fair wages,

for it will prevent good food being spoiled by bad cooking, and ensure the comfort of the owner and his guests.

And here let me urge upon every member of the respective squadrons and clubs to set their faces against a system that has been introduced—that of increasing, to an alarming extent, the expenses attached to this pursuit. Tradesmen, especially at Southampton and Cowes—there are some honourable exceptions — have raised their prices thirty per cent., and the plan they adopt is one fraught with mischief to their employers. A captain assumes to himself the right of ordering whatever he likes, and instead of having the bills sent in with the goods, they are kept back until the yacht is laid up. The result is that it is impossible any strict account can be kept, and articles may be inserted that have never been furnished. To obviate this, there ought to be a general understanding that a written order from the owner shall be given, or an invoice of goods delivered to the person who is called upon to pay for them. Books, too, should be kept by the secretaries of all the clubs, in which the names of good and bad captains should be registered; and a tariff of articles generally neces-

sary for yachts should be published, with the prices sanctioned by a committee of owners of vessels. As yachtsmen have many spare hours on hand after dark, and as a rubber of whist is often got up, I strongly recommend a most valuable little pocket-guide to the game by the well-known authority Cavendish. It is published by De la Rue, and is most elegantly got up, at the small cost of sixpence without a case, and a trifle more with a handsome one. With the assistance of this little work, every lover of whist may put himself *au courant* with its modern practice.

CHAPTER XI.

FINNY TRIBES OF THE BRITISH SEAS—THE CARP, TENCH, BREAM, ROACH, &C.—THE FRESH-WATER SHARK—SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND—BOATING—TERMS USED IN BOATING AND SAILING—CROQUET—A PORTABLE MODEL RINK—A HAWKING PARTY—DEER IN ENGLAND.

A few remarks upon the finny tribe that are to be found in the United Kingdom may not here be out of place. Although trout-fishing does not afford to the follower of Izaak Walton the same exciting interest as the pursuit of the salmon, the trout is sufficiently cautious and active to require for its capture much skill and patience. Never leaving our waters, it is always within reach of the fly-fisher, and may be taken with the rod almost at any time of the year. Trout, however, are in best condition from the end of May until nearly the close of September—that is

to say, during the period when they are best supplied with food, and when alone they can obtain insects, on which they so much depend. Trout vary greatly in colour and markings, and many naturalists have formed different conjectures upon the subject, some asserting that more than one species are confounded together. It is next to impossible to say how often local influences act in changing the colour and spots; but a certain character in both the above properties has been so universally recognized in particular places as to leave little doubt of there being a connexion between the one and the other, as cause and effect. Thus, in lakes and rivers fed by dark waters from boggy moors, the tints become very dark, the back appearing almost black, and the sides and belly yellow, with very large spots; and various shades may be found, according to the clearness of the water, till we come to a perfectly crystalline stream, flowing over a pebbly bottom, when the colours become very pure, and the lustre of great brilliancy. Trout leave the deep pools in the lower portions of the river, and push upwards towards the sources, in search of shallow currents, which are best adapted for the development of their ova,

which they deposit usually towards the end of November.

Perch thrive well both in lakes and rivers, preferring in the latter the sides of the streams to the more rapid parts of the current. They spawn in April and May, and feed upon worms, insects, and small fish, the minnow always proving a deadly bait. These fish have been celebrated for their extreme voracity, whence the old distich,

> "When braken is out of brook,
> Perch will bite at the bare hook."

They are seldom to be found in the North of England, but are plentiful in the South of England, in Wales, Ireland, and the Lowlands of Scotland.

The carp is accounted the water-fox for his cunning. This fish is reported to live to a great age; and its dimensions increase with its years. From one foot to one-and-a-half and even two feet are not very uncommon lengths; but much larger dimensions are given. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," mentions a brace presented to Lord Egremont by Mr. Ladbroke, from his park at Gatton, that weighed 35lbs.; and it is recorded

that in the year 1793, at the fishing of a large piece of water at Stourhead, where a thousand brace of killing-carp were taken, the largest was thirty inches long, upwards of twenty-two inches in girth, and weighed eighteen pounds. Carp abound in all the temperate countries in Europe. They were introduced in the fifteenth century into England, where they have thriven prodigiously. Many, too, are to be found in Ireland. Not so in Scotland, where the climate is probably too cold for them. Walton says that "angling for carp requires a large measure of patience;" and such is the case, for they are not only wary, but shy.

Barbel abound in the most sluggish parts of the Thames and its tributaries, and furnish no little amusement to the Londoners, who enjoy a day at Twickenham or Richmond, in a punt, angling for this coarse specimen of the finny tribe.

Tench, like carp, are common in all temperate countries of Europe; but the climate of Scotland is not congenial for them. It is alleged by many ancient and modern writers that they possess a sanative property; and hence their name, "the physician of the fishes," in England, and

the "doctor-fish," in Germany. Old Izaak Walton fully believed in the efficacy of the tench to cure illness or hurts in the finny tribe, especially in the fresh-water tyrant, the pike. Boccius states that no fish of prey will ever touch tench; and the author of "Piscatory Eclogues," Moses Brown, confirms this opinion:

> "The tench he spares;
> For, when by wounds distressed, or sore disease,
> He courts the salutary fish for ease,
> Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
> And sweats the healing balsam from his sides."

Writers disagree as to whether this medical fish should be honoured with an invitation to the dinner-table, some asserting that the flesh is soft, insipid, and difficult of digestion, while others affirm that it is peculiarly delicate, nutritious, and of good flavour. In Ausonius I find the following interrogatory: "Quis non et vividas vulgi solatio Tincas novit?" Were the question put to the vote, as to its goodness, the ayes, including Walton, Pennant, Boccius, and Yarrell, would form a majority of two over Gesner and Baron Cuvier. Were I called upon to give a vote, I should add one to the minority, as I

do not consider it is, in a gastronomic point of view, worth the fire it is cooked by. I think it ought to be a feline perquisite, and would willingly give my share to the house-cat.

Bream thrive in deep, quiet rivers, and large pieces of water, such as lakes and canals; hence the Medway and the Mole are celebrated for this fish. As an article of food, it is not much esteemed in England, though the contrary is the case on the Continent. In the "Règne Animal" the bream is thus described: "C'est un assez bon poisson, fort abondant, et qu'on multiplie aisément;" and there is a French proverb to the effect that "he who has this fish in his pond may bid his friend welcome." In angling for bream, care must be taken not to approach too near these fish, who have "a cunning sentinel, and are watchful themselves, too."

The roach, which is called "the water-sheep, for its simplicity or foolishness," abounds in the Thames, and is to be found in still rivers and lakes, seeking the deeper spots during the day, and feeding in the shallows at night. The charge of foolishness is, I consider, libellous, as, according to one of our best writers—Mr. Jesse—roach are perfectly aware of, and careful

to avoid, those fish which prey upon them. Thus he remarks. "I have seen large carp swim among a shoal of roach, without in the least disturbing them; while, if a pike comes near them, they make off in every direction."

Dace prefer the deep waters of quiet streams to more rapid currents. They afford sport to the angler, but are not esteemed as articles of food.

Chub are common in England and Wales. Annan, in Scotland—a spot immortalized by Walter Scott, and hallowed as the scene of the Rev. Edward Irving's youth—is famed for its chub.

"The fresh-water shark," the pike—a fish well known over the greater part of Europe and Asia—is common throughout the British Isles, preferring rivers of a sluggish character, although it thrives in lakes and ponds. It is considered the longest-lived fish; and wondrous stories are told of its longevity and the size to which it grows. Pennant mentions that the largest he ever heard of, in England, weighed five-and-thirty pounds, albeit Dr. Plat tells of one, taken in the Thames, which measured forty-five inches, and which must have weighed much more. In

Scotland, we read of a pike, killed in Loch Ken, of sixty-one pounds; and it is related that Colonel Thornton, of racing celebrity, caught one in Loch Awe, after a struggle of one hour and a quarter, which weighed fifty pounds: jaws and tail included, it could scarcely measure less than five feet. Other writers state that in a loch in Galway, and in Loch Lomond, pike were taken weighing from seventy-two to seventy-nine pounds; while in Ireland they are said to have attained the same size. I will conclude this portion of the subject by referring to the London newspapers of 1765, one of which states that at the Lillishall Limeworks, near Newport, a pool about twenty-seven feet deep, which had not been fished for ages, was drained, when a monster-pike, weighing 170lbs, was drawn up, amidst hundreds of spectators. With respect to their longevity, we hear of a pike that was 264 years old, and whose skeleton was long preserved at Mannheim. Nothing but the authority of Gesner could induce us to believe the above statement; and even then, it is taxing our credulity not a little. For the boldness and voracity of this fish, we must refer our readers to the admirable works of Jesse, Yarrell, Colquhoun, and Walton, who

describe in the most exciting manner the damage done to gudgeons, barbel, perch, ducks, water-fowl, frogs, water-rats, water-hens, human arms, otters, swans, and mules' noses by this tyrant of fresh-water fishes. There are a variety of ways of catching pike—by hook, with rod and line, and by trimmers. The latter is often resorted to; and when the lines are not set over-night, so as to keep the prey hooked and in torture for many hours, there can be no objection to the use of them. With a boat or punt, and a quick eye to watch when the float is carried away, so as at once to capture the fish, a very good day's sport may be ensured.

Works upon the rivers and lochs of Scotland, salmon fishing, and the natural history of the salmon, have been so numerous, that I will not dwell at length upon subjects so familiar to most of my readers. Suffice it to say that this fish abounds in the "land of the heather" and in Ireland, and affords splendid sport to the fly-fisher. The difficulty of landing and killing a fine salmon of eighteen or twenty pounds is great, and requires much patience and skill, and many a southerner who goes into the north for a month's fishing finds the truth of the old

proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and that after a fine fish has been hooked, the finny prey often escapes with the barb and line, leaving the impatient angler in the same predicament in which the great Mr. Briggs, immortalized by Leech, found himself. As a piscatory luxury the salmon yields to no other denizen of the deep, especially when cooked soon after its capture.

More than half the salmon that is sold in London is imported from Holland, and, after being kept three or four days is as unlike a fish fresh from the Severn, Spey, or Christchurch rivers as the oysters we indulge in now from Wilton's or Pym's are to those which were coveted by the Hanoverian George the First, shortly after his accession to the British throne, and his arrival in England. "These natives," fresh from Colchester (alluding to the bivalve testaceous fish, not to his new subjects), said the undignified, niggardly, yet honourable, benevolent, and courageous monarch, "are not to be compared with those high-flavoured ones I was wont to eat in Hanover. They must be sent for there;" and true enough they were sent for, and arrived still more "highly-flavoured,"

though not very odorous, after their tedious journey from the coast of Holland to Hanover, and back to England.

The grayling is to be found in rapid and clear streams, especially in those that flow through mountainous countries; and among them may be mentioned Derbyshire, Shropshire, and Yorkshire. In length this fish seldom exceeds sixteen inches, although Pennant mentions one taken near Ludlow above half-a-yard long, and weighing four pounds six ounces. The flesh of the grayling is greatly esteemed. They are in season from September to March. After lurking close throughout the Winter they begin to be very active in Spring, and spawn in April or May, during which period and in Summer they take almost all the flies the trout are fond of. Near the sides and at the tails of sharp streams are the best places for the "patient fisherman" to take his stand. Gentles, ant-eggs, beetles, grasshoppers, wasp-grubs, and salmon's roe are excellent baits. The grayling bites boldly; but being tender-mouthed great care must be taken to play it gently, or the hold will frequently be broken.

"The French," according to Izaac Walton,

"value the umber or grayling so highly that they say he feeds on gold, and that many have been caught in their famous river Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken."

Thymallus is a name given to the grayling on account of an imaginary scent proceeding from it, similar to that of thyme; and the name "umbra," which has been already alluded to, is evidently derived from its swimming away like a shadow.

To the remarks I have already made on yachting, I may add a few words on boating. With the great improvements which have taken place within the last few years in the construction of cutters and wherries, the science of rowing has advanced considerably; and there is no period in the history of our country in which aquatic amusements have been carried on with greater spirit and success than at the present time. As I write for all classes and ages — from the school-boy who makes his first essay on the nearest lake or river to his parents' home, "catches crabs" to an alarming extent, evinces a thorough contempt for keeping time and stroke, doubles his body like an acrobat, jerks his oar with the most violent efforts, rows round, or

feathers his oar before it is out of the water, and throws up enough of the liquid element to give a shower-bath to those who sit on the same side of the boat, up to the experienced strokesman of a well-appointed eight-oared cutter—a few remarks upon the best way of rowing may not be out of place.

In using a pair of sculls or an oar, great attention must be paid to trimming the boat, otherwise the water will present much more resistance to its progress; and in grasping the oar, one hand must seize the thin part close to the end, and the other the loom where it begins to thicken. To cap the oar has a very cockney appearance, and is attended with many evils. Having your oar well at command, the body must be inclined forwards from the hips, the back kept straight, the arms extended until well over the feet, and the oar all but locked in the rowlocks, or "rullocks," as they are generally termed, "eyes front!" being the order of the day. The blade must be kept at right angles with the water, and dipped until it is completely immersed: this must be done at once. The whole stroke must then be pulled at the same depth, until it is raised simultaneously with the act of feathering. In sculling,

the same directions are equally applicable, with this addition -that you should be continually looking over the shoulder, to see that your way is clear through what the old writers, before the introduction of steam-boats, were wont to call the "silent highway."

The terms in boating are as follow:

"Weather Oar," "Bow Oar"—the starboard oar, towards the bow of the boat. "Stroke Oar"—the oar rowed by the strokesman. "Strokesman"—the sternmost of the rowers. "Stroke Side"—the port side. "Bowman"—the man nearest the bow. "Coxswain"—The steerer. "Thowl-pins"—pin used for rowlocks. "The Painter"—a rope fixed, to fasten the boat after landing. To "unship oars" or "sculls," simply means to take them out of the rowlocks. "Rowed off!"—when the order is given by the coxswain, all the oars are to be laid in, with their blades forward. And when "In, Bow!" is heard, the boatman is to get the boat-hook, to clear away for the shore.

Boating terms, however, are not so inexplicable as sailing ones; for what can sound more startling to landsmen's ears than to find that, in "stowing an anchor," they must "haul away the

cat," before they can "hook the fish." In "bringing up" a ship, in bad weather, they stop her with a "dog;" and it is quite usual to talk of "handing in the leech," "clapping on a lizard," "raising on a mouse," and "seizing with a fox."

In rowing, great attention must be paid to the following details. Each oarsman must be particular to take his time from the strokesman. While rowing he must pay implicit obedience to the coxswain. Keeping time and stroke are the fundamental principles of rowing. When there is any swell on the water, caused either by rough weather or the paddles of steamers, care should be taken to keep the boat's head well facing it.

Croquet still holds its ascendancy during fine weather; and there is another newly-invented game, which seems likely to become extremely popular, more especially as it can be played at all seasons, either within or out of doors; I allude to new adaptation of curling, which may be termed the game of Scotland. Mr. G. Young, lapidary, of Logie Cottage, Canonmills, Edinburgh, invented some years ago a portable model rink, made of plate-glass, with a prepared ice surface,

so that the stones, made of polished granite, when propelled by an expert and practised curler, move as gracefully as larger ones on ice. The inventor, in a very modest prospectus, says: "He is confident that, upon the principle of his model rink, larger ones could be made as successfully, keeping in view, however, that as they increase in size they must become less portable, as additional strength of glass and frame-work must add to their weight." He adds, "that he does not presume to present his rink as a substitute when real ice can be obtained, but only as a medium of amusement at all seasons." The model rink is twenty-one feet long and four feet broad, which is one-sixth of the regular rink as laid down by the authority of the Caledonian Curling Club. To the uninitiated the following rules of the game may not prove devoid of interest:

The tee is the centre of the circles at each end of the model. Each player, when about to deliver the stone, should place himself in a proper position, so as to give due force to it. No stone can count when wholly within the circle. Every stone is called a hog which does not clear a square placed upon this score, but no stone is considered a hog which has struck

another stone lying over the hog-score. A proper rink is composed of four players a-side; each player having two curling-stones. A less number can play, but using a corresponding number of stones. Before commencing the game, the skips or directors arrange the rotation in which to play; each pair of players playing one stone alternately with their opponents. The two skips opposing each other may agree as to which party shall lead, after which the winning party of the last end can do so. If a played stone rolls and stops on its side or top, it does not count, but is put off the ice. The skips alone stand at the tee, as their turn requires. If a player plays out of turn, the stone so played may be stopped in its progress and returned to the player. If the mistake be not discovered till the stone is again at rest, the opposite party have the option to add one to their score. Disputed shots are determined by the skips. All measurement is taken from the tee to that part of the stone which is nearest to it. No stone is considered within or without a circle unless it clears it, and every stone is held as resting on a line which does not completely clear it. The shots or points of the game are eight.

"Hawking comes nearer to hunting—the one in the ayre, as the other on the earth: a sport as much affected as the other by some preferred." So writes Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Though hawking has sunk into much neglect among the civilized nations of Europe, it is the sport best calculated for the enjoyment of both sexes when in company, and in which they can display their skill and gracefulness on horseback to the greatest advantage.

A few years ago I had the good fortune to be on a visit to a friend who kept hawks, and I then had an opportunity of partaking in that amusement which was the delight of ancient kings. The hawks had been trained with skill, labour, and perseverance, and it was on a fine morning in September that a large party proceeded to some stubbles near the house. If the costume of the present day did not come up to the picturesque attire of olden times, in some respects the retinue was more striking. First and foremost appeared my host and his wife, mounted on thorough-bred horses, of shape and action totally unknown in this country three hundred years ago; and if the proprietor of the

estate did not give one a perfect idea of the *preux chevalier* of the Court of Elizabeth, the graceful riding-habits and Spanish hats of the hostess and her lady friends, adorned with eagle's plumes, were equal to the velvet dresses of that period. It is true that the richly-embroidered gloves, adorned with jewels, which were considered a necessary appendage, had been superseded by the plain white leather gauntlet; the lure was no longer fashioned to resemble a flying animal with wings, beak, and talons, but consisted of a forked piece of wood, covered with the wings of a bird; nor was the silver tone of the bells so sweet as those which were in bygone days imported from Germany. Still, on the whole, the galaxy of female beauty, the magnificence of the steeds, the steady appearance of the pointers—for partridge-hawking was to be the day's amusement—and the stalwart game-keepers in Lincoln green, formed a cortége that could not have been eclipsed in the reign of Bluff Harry.

Upon reaching the stubble, a line of equestrians and pedestrians was formed, my host and his attendant falconer being in front, ready to ride forward to receive the quarry. In a short space of time, Rock throws up his head and feathers,

while Vesta takes the lead, and in less than a minute is a fixture.

"Good dog!" escapes from the keeper. "Take your time, Alec," he continued. "Allow the hawk to mount well before the covey is sprung."

This injunction was strictly followed. The partridges were flushed, when the rapacious bird, at "one fell swoop," stooped with astonishing rapidity, and seized on one, who soon became his victim.

"Hold hard, gentlemen!" said the Squire, as he ordered the falconer to advance. That functionary, approaching the hawk with caution, walked quietly round her, and then, gently kneeling down with his arm extended, as though in the act of feeding her, laid hold of the partridge, extricated it from the clutch of its flying foe, put on the hood, and rewarded the bird of prey with the head of the quarry. As she was to fly again, no other food was given her. A stray partridge shortly afterwards rose; but in this instance the hawk missed her quarry. My friend, who had some live partridges in a trap by his side, then threw one up, which being raked, was forthwith eaten up by the rapacious bird which Martial significantly calls the "fowler's servant."

I had also more than one opportunity of attending some hawking parties at Holly Lodge, Highgate, then occupied by the late Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and the sport was excellent.

Of the animals now hunted in England I may mention the "wily fox," the "antlered monarch of the woods," and the "timid hare." The fox is too well known to require any description, as are also the stag and the hare, but a brief notice of the fallow-deer may not be uninteresting to the reader.

We have in England two varieties of fallow-deer, which are said to be of foreign origin: the beautiful spotted kind, and the very deep brown sort that are now so common in several parts of this kingdom. These were introduced here by King James I., out of Norway, where he passed some time when he visited his intended bride, Anne of Denmark; and one of the Welsh names of this animal (Geifr Danys, or Danish goat) implies that it was brought from some of the Danish dominions. The King observing their hardiness, and that they could endure, even in that severe climate, the Winter without fodder, first brought some into Scotland, and from

thence transported them to his chases of Enfield and Epping, near his palace of Theobald; for that monarch was as fond of "the faint image of war," hunting, as he was averse to the reality. No country produces the fallow-deer in quantities equal to England. In France they are scarcely known, but are sometimes found in the North of Europe. In Spain they are extremely scarce. They are met with in Greece, the Holy Land, and China, but in every country except our own are in a state of nature, unconfined by man.

Of animals that have been extirpated from this country, I may mention the wild boar and the wolf. That the wild boar was formerly a native of our country cannot be doubted, as it appears from the laws of Howeldda, which are to be found in the "Legges Wallsroe," that he permitted his grand huntsman to chase that animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December. William the Conqueror punished with the loss of their eyes those who were convicted of killing the wild boar, the stag, or the roebuck; and Fitzstephen tells us that the vast forest which in his time grew on the north side of London was the retreat of stags, fallow-

deer, wild boars, and bulls. Charles the First turned out wild boars in the New Forest, Hampshire, but they were destroyed during the Civil War.

Wolves have long been extinct in Great Britain, and it is a received opinion that the country was in early times delivered from this pest by the care of King Edgar. In England he attempted to effect their destruction by commuting the punishments for certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads.

Notwithstanding these endeavours, his scheme proved abortive, for we find that, some centuries after the reign of that Saxon monarch, these animals had again increased to such a degree as to become the object of royal attention. Accordingly, Edward I. issued his mandate to Peter Corbet, to superintend and assist in their destruction in the several counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, and the adjacent county of Derby, where, according to Camden, certain persons at Wormhill held their lands by the duty of

hunting and taking the wolves which infested the country, whence these properties were styled wolf-hunts. Looking back to Saxon times, we find that, in Athelstan's reign, wolves abounded to such an alarming extent in Yorkshire that a retreat was built at Flixton in that county, to defend passengers from being devoured by them; and such ravages did those animals make during Winter, particularly in January, when the cold was most intense, that our Saxon ancestors distinguished that month by the title of wolf-moneth. They also called an outlaw "wolf-shed," as being out of the protection of the law, proscribed, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast.

The wolf was in former days very destructive to the flocks in Scotland, up to the year 1577, nor was it entirely extirpated until about 1680, when the last wolf fell by the hand of the celebrated Sir Ewen Cameron.

Wolves infested Ireland many centuries after their extirpation in England and Scotland, for there are accounts of some having been found there as late as the year 1710, the last presentment for killing wolves being made in the county of Cork about that time.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF JULY—TRAWLING—FAVOURITE HAUNTS OF THAMES FISHERMEN—GROUSE-SHOOTING—A "REGULAR SELL"—THE PTARMIGAN—BLACK GROUSE—RED GROUSE—A FRENCHMAN'S REMARKS ON CRICKET—OLYMPIAN GAMES AND ENGLISH RACES—ANCIENT LAWS AGANIST GAMING.

Our ancestors remarked that a succession of rainy weather set in about the middle of the month of July; which is easily accounted for by the fact that there is a considerable increase in the temperature of the vapour, and, consequently, a greater liability of meeting with regions of the atmosphere colder than itself, which by taking away some of the heat, disposes it to condense and fall in rains or mist. The birds of song that warbled their "native wood-notes wild" during the Spring are now for the most part mute, and remain so until September. The "cuckoo's words of fear, unpleasant to the married ear," have been hushed

for some weeks; the plaintiff melody of the willow-wren, the warble of the chaffinch, the joyous song of the migratory red-start—which visits us in April, and takes its departure before the suicidal month of November—and the "various-voiced" tones of Philomela, "Night's pure Sappho," have ceased; and the feathered minstrels no longer gladden the breasts of those who ramble over the meadows or wander through the forest glade. Moths and butterflies abound, the gardens sparkle with flowers, and the indigenous wild-plants may now be seen in full bloom.

July is a busy month for the lover of manly recreations and English pastimes, as racing, cricketing, archery, sailing, and rowing may be had to perfection; in addition to which, the sportsman who anticipates a day with the grouse on the 12th of the following month has to make preparations for the ensuing campaign. His dogs are to be attended to; his shooting pony is to be got ready; his guns have to be carefully examined; his stores of powder, shot, copper caps, wadding or cartridges have to be renewed; his "comestibles" have to be forwarded to the north; his shooting attire has to be looked out; and last, not least, his arrangements have to be made for

securing a moor and forest, if he happens not to be the fortunate proprietor of them. Nor to the grouse-shooter and deer-stalker has the Spring been without its charms; for early in May he has probably "kept his hand in" for a few hours' practice at another sort of "black game"—the rooks; and his fatal shot-barrels or unerring pea-rifle have deprived many an ancestral tree of its noisy occupants. We own ourselves that rook-shooting is not to our taste; it is all very well, when the young birds are on the wing, to have a flying shot at them with No 5 shot or with Eley's patent charges; but in cool blood to take a deliberate aim at these "aërial ecclesiastics," as they have been called, and, when perched upon a branch, make them figuratively, "hop the twig," is, we consider, as tame an amusement as firing at a domestic duck in a pond, or at a pigeon in a dovecot. The air-gun, steel cross-bow, rifle, breech and muzzle-loading guns, are all in request, and used according to the fancy of the sportsman; and thousands of the dark, lustrous birds are yearly sacrificed, either with a view of thinning the rookery, giving a day's out-door amusement to a friend, or furnishing pies for Epsom, Ascot, or Hampton races for those

who, in the innocence of their hearts, fancy they are enjoying a pigeon instead of a rook pie. With what horror might an enlightened epicure exclaim with Shakespeare—"It is the *caws*, it is the *caws*; let me not name it!"

To those who keep yachts, nothing is more delightful than a day's trawling or a morning with a Seine net; and excellent sport may be had off Anglesea Ville, Spithead, Poole, Torbay, Weymouth, and Christchurch. To others who are pent up in the metropolis during the oppressive month of July, and who can only obtain a day or two's recreation, we strongly advise a piscatorial ramble by the river Thames. The lover of the "gentle crafte" may commence his operations at Datchet, to the neighbourhood of which spot the railway will at all times convey him. While preparing his rod and line, he may picture to himself the notable spot on the opposite bank immortalized by Shakespeare as the scene of Falstaff's misadventure in the buck basket—"the muddy ditch at Datchet mead," close by the side of the Thames, into which the fat knight was so unceremoniously thrown, glowing hot like a horse-shoe, hissing hot, through the machinations of the Merry Wives of Windsor; he

may reflect, while arranging his tackle, that a short mile between this favourite haunt of Thames fishermen and Eton College, the "King-fisher of State," the "Merry Monarch," used himself to throw a fly. It was here, too, that Walton and Wotton indulged in their favourite pursuit. "Angling was an employment for his idle time"—so writes the former of the latter—"which was not then idly spent." It was, after a tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a preserver of contentedness. After filling his basket with barbel, dace, and gudgeon, the angler may wend his way to Upton and Stoke Pogis (the spot that suggested Gray's Elegy), to the antique towers of Eton College, or the stately turrets of Windsor Castle. Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, and Walton Deeps will always furnish amusement to the patience-in-a-punt fraternity — the "quill-bobbers," as the have been irreverently called. Henley, Pangburne, Maidenhead, and Marlow are now accessible by rail. At Henley, the Red Lion, famed for mutton-chops and Shenstone's lines, is still carried on in its former comfort; and here the

traveller "may take his ease," and fish to his heart's content. Nor will the river from Medmenham to Great Marlow afford him less amusement. Pangbourne is a far-famed spot for the angler; if he is an expert at throwing a fly, "the silver-winding Tamesis" will yield plenty of work. Trout abound, and will rise kindly to a tempting bait; and the brook which enters the Thames by the village is also a good trout-stream. If he is content with trolling, some stout jack will soon prove whether he knows how to handle his tackle; and if he be content with bottom-fishing, and submits to the process of casting in ground-bait, putting the gentle on the hook, and taking the fish off it, he may always depend upon a plentiful supply of barbel, roach, chub, and dace.

When the month of July sets in, the "gunner" remembers that in less than six weeks grouse shooting will commence. If he is anxious and able to hire a moor, now will be the time for him to visit the several localities advertised for letting. To trust to a newspaper description, or even to an agent, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prove unsatisfactory. How often have we read of the excellence of shooting and fishing

quarters! how constantly have we had our attention called to wonderful pointers, unsurpassed setters, and perfect shooting ponies! and what has experience proved? The thousand acres of moor and forest scarcely hold a bird or deer; the "immense loch and beautiful river" held more weeds than fish; the pointers were without noses, the setters under no restraint, and the ponies as wild as Cruiser was before he underwent the Rarey-fying process. Let us then recommend all who are desirous of hiring good shooting to inspect the property themselves; to ascertain upon the spot whether the game has been shot down below a fair average, whether poaching in the river has been practised, and whether the property and house come up to the description given of them.

Giraldus Cambrensis describes the ptarmigan under the title of the peacock of the wood, from the brilliant green that shines on the breast of the male. Boethius also mentions it under the name of capercailzie, and truly describes its food as the extreme shoots of the pine. He afterwards gives an exact description of the black-cock, but names it the cock of the wood, an appellation now confined to this species. Bishop

Leslie is another historian who makes mention of this bird along with two others of the genus, the black-cock and common grouse, but the ptarmigan is overlooked by him. To account for these inaccuracies we must remark that none of the above writers were conversant in the study of natural history. The ptarmigan inhabits wooded and mountainous countries, and is to be found in forests of pines and beech trees; it feeds on the tops of the former, and berries of the latter. The first often infect the flesh with such a taste as to render it scarcely eatable. In the Spring it calls the female to its haunts with a loud and shrill voice. The female lays from eight to sixteen eggs—eight at first, and more as she advances in age.

These birds are common in Scandinavia, Germany, France, and several parts of the Alpine regions. According to Pennant, in 1769, a few were to be found about Thomastown, in the country of Tipperary; but the breed is now extinct in every part of Ireland.

The length of the male bird is two feet, eight inches, the breadth three feet, ten inches; it weighs sometimes fourteen pounds. The female is much less, the length being only twenty-six inches, the breadth forty.

Ptarmigans are found in these kingdoms only on the summits of the highest hills of the Highlands of Scotland and of the Hebrides, and a few still inhabit the lofty mountains near Keswick in Cumberland. They live amidst the rocks, perched on the grey stones—the general colour of the strata in these exalted situations. They cannot rank among birds famed for their wisdom, for they are so tame as to bear driving like poultry; and if provoked to rise, take a very short flight, in a small circuit, like pigeons. Their taste is scarcely distinguishable from grouse, and, like them, they keep in small packs; never taking shelter in the heath, but beneath loose stones.

These birds are called by Pliny *lagopi*, their feet being clothed with feathers to the claws, as those of the hare are with fur. The nails are long, broad, and hollow. The first guards them from the rigour of the Winter; the latter enables them to form a lodge under the snow, where they lie in heaps to protect themselves from the cold. In Scotland they inhabit from the hill of Ben Lomond to the naked mountains of Scaroben in Caithness, the Isle of Arran, many of the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and Shetland Isles.

Notwithstanding some of the Hebrides are at no great distance from Ireland, none are found in that kingdom.

The black grouse, like the ptarmigan, are fond of wooded and mountainous situations. They feed on bilberries, and other mountain fruits, and in the Winter on the tops of the heather. They are often found in the woods, this and the preceding species perching like the pheasant. During the Summer they frequently descend from the hills to feed on corn. These birds never pair, but in the Spring the male gets upon some eminence, crows, and claps his wings, on which signal all the females within hearing resort to him. The young males quit their mother in the beginning of Winter, and keep in flocks of seven or eight till Spring. During that time they inhabit the woods. Black grouse are found in various parts of Great Britain—in England, Scotland, and Wales, and the Hebrides. They have been met with as far south as Dorsetshire, and extend to the moors in Devonshire, formerly to the New Forest, in Hampshire, and Ashdown Forest, in Sussex; on the north-west to Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire, and to some of the Shropshire moors. Within the memory of man

a few were found on a moss, the property of Sir Thomas Hanmer, on the confines of the Hundred of Mealor, in Flintshire—the only spot in Wales in which the breed had not been extirpated.

An old black-cock weighs from four pounds to four and a-half; its length is one foot, ten inches, its breadth two feet, nine. The female weighs only two pounds; its length is one foot, six inches, its breadth two feet, six. This bird hatches its young late in Summer; it lays from six to eight eggs.

Besides the common species of black-cock, a variety is found in Scotland called the spotted black-cock. It differs from the common sort in being spotted on the neck, breast, wings, and thighs with red; and is considered a spurious breed between this and the former species. This mixed race is now seldom found in North Britain. The legs of this and the preceding kind are feathered only to the feet; they both inhabit the woods during the Winter, therefore nature has not given them the same kind protection against the cold as she has grouse and ptarmigan, who undergo all the rigour of the season beneath the snow, or on the bare ground.

Red grouse. The male weighs about nineteen

ounces; the length is fifteen inches and a half, the breadth twenty-six; while the female weighs only fifteen ounces. These birds pair in the Spring, and lay from six to ten eggs. The young brood or pack follow the hen the whole Summer; in Winter they join in flocks of forty or fifty, and become remarkably shy or wild. Grouse always keep on the tops of the hills, are scarcely ever found on the sides, and never descend into the valleys; their food is the mountain berries and the tops of the heather.

The month of July is the cricketer's delight; matches are of daily occurrence; Lord's, Hans Place, and other favourite grounds are crowded with lovers of the bat and ball, anxious to witness the prowess of the sons of Britain in this noble game. M. Scherer, a writer in the *Temps*, a French newspaper, thus gives his notions respecting our countrymen and their national game of cricket: "An Englishman would feel that he was wanting to himself if he did not give two or three hours to a walk, or a ride across country. If his means and his occupation permit him ever so little, he will mount on horseback or handle the oar. He has learned from an early age how to fight—not as we do, with shut eyes, and flinging by chance

his arms round his body; but in a rational manner, using his fists at once to parry and attack. He knows that science and knowledge make up for inequality in bodily strength. He is aware that in a contest with a cabman or a shoeblack he will have the upper hand, because he has more skill; and he thus exhibits the pacific assurance of a man who trusts only to himself. We have often thought that the noblest present our own France could receive, the most efficacious means to regenerate and strengthen our youth, would be the introduction among us of some national sports like that of the English cricket. It is an exercise that excites emulation, requires force and address, calls into play every physical aptitude, invites to wholesome fatigue and to the open air, and prepares vigorous bodies for vigorous souls. 'Without frankness,' said Walter Scott, 'there is no virtue, and without courage there is no virtue,' He might have added, 'And without force there is no courage.' We affirm it, in the most positive manner, that the Englishman is a magnificent specimen of human kind; and it is cricket which has made the Englishman what he is."

We thank you, friend Scherer, for the hand-

some compliment you have paid our nation, and in return we will congratulate your countrymen on the great advance they have made in the sporting world. France can boast of race and steeple-chase riders, mighty Nimrods, and first-rate shots. How different are the races of 1872 to those of some five-and-forty years ago! The French Derby has now assumed an importance second alone to our own struggle for the Blue Riband of the Turf; and many a gallant owner of race-horses has bearded the English lion in his den at Newmarket, Chester, Goodwood, and other places, and carried off the victory. Long may this friendly, this honourable emulation exist between the two nations!

Fishing can now be carried on to perfection, and every one whose vocations permit him to leave the sweltering heat and the crowded streets of London, flits off to some quiet sequestered river in England, or to the magnificent waters of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Nay, there are many who do not scorn a day's punting at Richmond or Twickenham Aits, and who seem to enjoy a few hours with the dace or barbel, as others do with the king of freshwater fish, the splendid salmon, or the speckled trout. We have already told our

readers that fish will some days capriciously refuse every attempt that can be made to induce them to devour the tempting luxury offered them; and we experienced the truth of this remark last month, when fishing in one of the most splendid pieces of water in England, and which is well stocked with pike, barbel, dace, roach, and other fish. In vain did we try a honey-paste, worms, and gentles; at last it occurred to one of the party to bait the hook with a common house-fly, and whether the novelty of the bait attracted the finny race we know not, but the result was a very excellent dish of water suchy for dinner.

If Homer and Pindar are entitled to credit, the Olympic games were the sports of the chivalry of Greece. The turf in this country during the first century of its institution in like manner was supported by persons of high position and substance, as being calculated to promote public good, and to minister to a wholesome social enjoyment. Whether the contest of chariots and horsemen became the source of mercantile speculations among the frequenters of Elis, or whether the Hippodrome was the resort of betting men, history does not inform us. The rules are certainly not so artistic as ours; the system was

not so polished, neither was it so keen as that at present recognized. In the days that Homer wrote of, the winners were satisfied with honourable prizes and marks of distinction, and many in our day have been satisfied with gold cups and shields. Unfortunately, however, a gigantic system of betting has been introduced, which has already ruined the prospects of many a young man, and seems likely to extend its baneful influence far and wide. How anyone can be so infatuated as to fancy he can on the long run win by the turf (without he makes a regular profession of it, and even then a few defaulters will upset his calculations) is a mystery to us, and it would be well for the young beginner at Tattersall's to ascertain how many have been ruined by betting, and how few unprofessional men have realized a fortune.

There is an old saying that, "it's the pace that kills," and if it be true and applied to the turf, as we believe it is, there can be no doubt that racing, as now carried on, must come to an end. If the excessive gambling and the reckless "plunging" system were abolished, racing would be more like what it used to be—a pursuit for noblemen and gentlemen to follow for their

amusement, and not an injury to their fortunes. It is lamentable to reflect upon the numbers that have, from losses upon the turf, been obliged to sell or let their ancestral homes, to cut down the monarchs of the wood, or to exile themselves abroad. We do not wish to go back to the deadly slow races of the early part of the present century, when a provincial meeting was spun out for three or four days, when a few horses only appeared, when every plate was contended for in heats, and when a noisy ordinary with execrable food and worse wine wound up the day's amusement. Still there is, or ought to be, a happy medium in everything, and we should steer between the tortoise-pace of our forefathers and the hare-like speed of modern times. By getting rid of the "play or pay" system, gambling would receive a check, which is "a consummation devoutedly to be wished." Legitimate sport would take the place of filthy lucre, and the turf would be restored to what it was originally intended to be, an agreeable gathering for all classes, where peer and peasant could meet, having for its object amusement and the improvement of the breed of horses.

The ancient laws against excessive gaming

were stringent; at sea it was restrained by the second of those acts which the united Kings of England and France drew up in 1190 for the government of the force fitted out against the Saracens. There it is enacted that knights and clerks shall be restrained to the loss of twenty shillings (nearly what fifteen pounds would be in the nineteenth century) in a day; but that soldiers or sailors, if detected playing for money, shall be fined at will, or whipped, or ducked. What a pity it is that the "welshers" of the present day cannot be subjected to the same punishment—a sound whipping and a good ducking would produce a salutary effect. The common people were not without their diversions. Bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing were known to the men of London. The sports on the Thames, the skating, and the various exercises and entertainments of the twelfth century have already been described.

As gymnastics and pedestrian feats are again in vogue, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to be reminded of the great deeds of a by-gone celebrity, Foster Powell. This celebrated pedestrian was born at Horseforth, in Yorkshire, in the year 1734. The early part of his life he passed in obscurity, till he came to

London in the year 1762, and articled himself with an attorney in the Temple, with whom he served his clerkship. At the expiration of the term he was with his uncle, Mr. Powell, of the New Inn, and at his death he engaged with a Mr. Stokes, of the same place, with whom he continued till that gentleman's decease; after which he was with Mr. Bingley of the New Inn. Little of his character is known as a pedestrian till he engaged with Mr. Stokes. Before this time, he undertook, in the year 1764, to walk fifty miles on the Bath Road in seven hours: which he accomplished in the time, having done the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a great-coat and leather breeches. It does not appear that he undertook the feat for any wager.

He then left England and went into several parts of Switzerland and France, where he walked two hundred miles beyond Paris, and gained much renown. He went several journeys before his fame was spread as a pedestrian, and his modesty was such that he did not wish to make it publicly known. In the year 1773 he engaged to go on foot from London to York, and back again, in six days; which he accomplished in five days and eighteen hours —the distance amounting to four hundred and

two miles. He did not undertake any journey after this till the year 1786, when he agreed to walk one hundred miles on the Bath road, that is fifty miles out and fifty in, and completed it in twenty-three hours and a quarter, though he was allowed twenty-four hours to do it in. This great performance created an immense sensation in London, and spread his name abroad as a pedestrian. The next year, 1787, he undertook to go on foot from Canterbury to London-Bridge, and back again, in twenty hours. The distance is one hundred and twelve miles, which he accomplished to the astonishment of some thousand of spectators, who were waiting with anxious desire for his safe arrival.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York, and back again, in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York and back again. He was allowed six days to do it, and accomplished it in six hours under the time given. Having convinced the world so many times, that he could complete the journey to York and back again in less than six days, he was determined once more, for the last time, to convince

them that he could do it in a shorter time even than that, although at the advanced age of fifty-eight years; and in the year 1792, he set off from Shoreditch Church to York Minster, and back again, accomplishing the feat in five days, fifteen hours, and one quarter. This journey, it was supposed by the family, was the cause of his death, as he never recovered from the great fatigue he had undergone in performing so arduous a task. The same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a half, on the Clapham-road; and also went down to Brighton, where he engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes, which he performed in fourteen minutes and forty-three seconds. He walked one mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds.

He was never a great gainer by any of his undertakings. The largest sum he ever realized was by the last journey to Canterbury, which he lost, owing to his mistaking the road from Blackheath to London. His friends, however, feeling for the great disappointment he had experienced, collected for him the sum of forty pounds. He never showed that he thirsted for money, nor was he avaricious. Had this been the

case, there is not a doubt but he might have gained some thousands. He was content with a little, and felt a secret pleasure in being able at all times to fulfil his engagements. His person was tall and thin, about five foot nine inches high, very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and of sallow complexion. He was very particular in his diet, seldom or never ate any meat on his journeys, but mostly light food. He frequently met with great disappointments on his travels, at those houses on the road where he usually stopped for refreshment. He allowed himself only five hours sleep, and those from eleven o'clock at night. Powell departed this life on the 15th of April, 1793, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, much regretted by all with whom he was acquainted. He was of a mild disposition, possessed many valuable qualities, and discharged his duties with fidelity and sobriety, meriting the esteem of the public at large. By his own request his body was interred in the burying-ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's.

An attempt was made a good many years ago to renew the tilts and tournaments of the age of chivalry. The gathering at Eglinton Castle was fully equal to the pageants of old. This tournament took place on the 23rd of August, 1839.

The spot chosen for the tourney was about a quarter of a mile eastward of the castle. It comprised an arena of four acres, and was enclosed with a boarded fence. Galleries were erected at convenient places, capable of holding three thousand persons, one being reserved for private friends of the earl and the knights who were to take part in the mimic contest, and the other for less privileged visitors. In the middle of the arena were barriers to regulate the jousts of the combatants. Each of the knights had a separate marquee or pavilion for himself and his attendants. The decorations everywhere were of the most costly character, being aided by many trappings which had recently been used at Her Majesty's Coronation. Besides keeping "open house" at the Castle, the noble owner provided two temporary saloons, each two hundred and fifty feet long, for banquets and balls. Unfortunately the weather was unfavourable, the rain falling heavily; and the spectators marred the mediævalism of the scene by hoisting umbrellas. The Queen of Beauty (Lady Seymour) and her ladies, who were to have ridden on elegantly caparisoned palfreys, were forced to take refuge from the pitiless storm in carriages.

The procession started from the Castle in th·

midst of a drenching shower. It comprised men-at-arms, clad in demi-suits of armour; musicians' trumpeters, banner and standard-bearers, marshals, heralds, pursuivants, a "judge of the peace," retainers, halberdiers, a knight-marshal, a jester, archers, servitors, swordsmen, and chamberlains; all attired in appropriate and splendid costumes. These were mostly subordinates. The chiefs were fifteen knights, and about double as many esquires and pages, nearly all in magnificent armour, whole or demi. The knights were the Marquis of Waterford, the Earls of Eglinton, Craven, and Cassilis; Viscounts Alford and Glenlyon; Captains Gage, Fairlie, and Beresford; Sir Frederick Johnstone and Sir Francis Hopkins; and Messrs. Jerningham, Lamb, Boothby, and Lechmere. These knights all bore chivalric appellations, such as knights of the Dragon, the Griffin, the Black Lion, the Dolphin, the Ram, the Swan, the Golden Lion, the White Rose, the Stag's Head, the Burning Tower, the Lion's Paw, &c., these emblems and symbols being emblazoned on their own trappings, and on those of their retainers. The Marquis of Londonderry, as "King of the Tournament," wore a magnificent train of green velvet, embroidered with gold, covered by a

crimson velvet cloak, trimmed with gold and ermine, and having a crown of a truly regal character; the Earl of Eglinton, as "Lord of the Tournament," had a rich damasked suit of gilt armour, with a shirt of chain mail; and Sir Charles Lamb, as "Knight Marshal," had a suit of black armour, embossed and gilt, and covered by a richly emblazoned surcoat. The esquires and pages, who all belonged to the "Upper ten thousand," were equally well dressed. The "Queen of Beauty" wore a robe of crimson velvet, with the Seymour crest, embroidered in silver on blue velvet, and a cloak of cerise velvet, trimmed with gold and ermine. The ladies in the principal gallery were mostly attired in the costumes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Under most discouraging circumstances the cavalcade set forth, the gaily-trimmed horses splashing in the dirt, the armour washed with the heavy rain, and the velvets and lace saturated with wet. The knights, with their esquires, entered their several pavilions, while the rest of the personages took up the posts allotted to them. The knights then issued forth from their pavilion two and two, paid their devoirs to the fair ladies in the galleries, and then fought to the sound of trumpet. This fighting consisted in charging

one another, each striking his lance against the armour of his adversary. After several couples had thus jousted, the Earl of Eglinton and the Marquis of Waterford (the "Lord of the Tournament" and the "Knight of the Dragon") came forward, magnificently mounted, and most gorgeously arrayed and armed, attended by eight esquires and pages. After running at each other until two lances were broken, the Earl was declared the best knight of the day, and was rewarded by the "Queen of Beauty" with a crown of victory.

The incessant rain sadly marred the whole affair, for when the jousting ended, and the guests were about to proceed to the banquet and ball, it was found that the two temporary pavilions were so flooded with water that they were utterly useless for the purposes intended. On the following day the weather was nearly as bad; no jousting in the lists was attempted; but some mimic tilts took place under cover, in which one personage took part who was destined to fill an important place in the destinies of Europe, Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards the Emperor Napoleon III. of France. On the 30th the skies were more favourable. The joustings were renewed, and were wound up by a tourney of eight knights armed with

swords, used in an inoffensive way against each other's armour. Measures had been taken to render the banqueting hall and ball-room available, and the day ended with a banquet for three hundred persons, and a ball for one thousand. The 31st came, and with it weather so stormy that all further proceedings were abandoned. Thus ended this most costly affair. The spot had been so selected that, outside the fence, an enormous number of spectators might witness the proceedings; and it was estimated that nearly two hundred thousand persons availed themselves of this opportunity, on one or other of the four days, coming from almost every county in Scotland, and from various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales.

It is a matter of surprise to us that no public-spirited individual has been found to follow the example of the late Earl of Eglinton, for there are plenty of gallant knights ready again to take the field, and no more graceful or chivalrous one could be found than the Prince of Wales, who is an accomplished horseman.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.